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Rolf Hochhuth's

"THE DEPUTY"

Joseph L. Featherstone

Pope Paul VI James O'Gara

Catharine Hughes

Friedrich Heer Joseph L. Lichten

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

"The Deputy"

WHEN ROLF HOCKHUTH's play, "The Deputy," first opened in West Berlin just a year ago, it created an immediate sensation. No wonder, for it dared to charge that Pope Pius XII bore a special responsibility for the failure of the Christian world to protest in a loud and effective way the Nazi extermination of the Jews. After productions in London, Paris and Stockholm, "The Deputy" has now come to America. As happened in the very first instance in Berlin, sides are being chosen here, charges are being hurled, history ransacked for evidence.

While it is hardly possible to inventory every response to the play and the problems it raises, the purpose of this issue is to present a variety of different perspectives. In the end, each person must judge the question for himself.

For our part, we doubt that anything approximating a definitive judgment can be reached on the issues Hochhuth thrusts before our eyes. Yet that does not mean that the play can be ignored. Nor can the Catholic, in particular, take refuge in time-honored pieties. In this instance, popular piety encompasses a portrait of Pope Pius as an especially eloquent apostle of peace, of the Catholic Church as a special friend and protector of the Jews during World War II. Ever since the end of that war, Catholics have rubbed their hands before the warm glow of these images. The very suggestion that they might be illusions is bound to shock the Catholic consciousness. Nothing less than the reputation of a revered pope is at stake; nothing less than the Catholic's trust in the papacy as an institution is brought into question; nothing less than the Church's witness in the world comes under judgment.

Since these questions are so momentous, it can be said immediately that Hochhuth has thrown sand in our eyes. His portrait of Pope Pius is a travesty. Whatever may be said of the temperament of the Pope, there is no historical support for Hochhuth's characterization of Pius as an insensitive, venal man who put "reasons of state," the finances of the Church and his own ambitions ahead of moral duty. Even Hochhuth himself, in the historical documentation he presents in the published edition of the play, cannot substantiate these charges, nor does he even try. Hochhuth stands guilty of a base calumny.

THE character of Pius is only one facet of the problem. Another is Hochhuth's broad charge that "Perhaps never before in history have so many human beings paid with their lives for the passivity of a single politician." Here we encounter the most complex matter of all. Could the Pope, had he spoken, significantly influenced or deterred Hitler's policy of "the final solution"? No answer is possible. At times, the intervention of Church leaders on other issues did make a difference. Episcopal protests in Germany against euthanasia laws, for instance, were effective. At the same time, the experience of the Dutch bishops in June of 1942 showed that the Germans were quite capable of stepping up their deportations as retaliation for public protests.

At most, one deals here with probabilities, for which there is evidence on both sides. That Pius chose to avoid dramatic protests for fear of hurting the Jews more than helping them is a perfectly credible explanation, with considerable testimony to indicate he was aware of the implications of the choice before him. Hochhuth, however, chose to slight this moral dilemma, again showing himself capable of distortion and falsification. That he also treats the efforts of the Vatican and the Pope to provide shelter, money and hiding places for fleeing Jews as merely a conscience-saving gesture of no importance is still another mark against him. Too many European Jews have cited this assistance as the basis for their high praise of Pius to scoff at its significance.

That much said, however, we cannot fully share the view of those who would turn Pope Pius into a special symbol of Christian opposition to Nazi racial

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policies. In contrast with, say, the King of Denmark who threatened to affix the star of David to his own clothes should the Nazis move against Danish Jews, Pius does not startle one with his forcefulness. And since many Christians all over Europe sheltered Jews, the Pope's private assistance is not sufficient to award him special honors. Finally, the fact that one can count on one hand the number of times that the Pope publicly referred even indirectly to the persecution of the Jews cannot wholly be explained away. There were many occasions prior to the beginning of the mass deportation of Jews in 1941 when the Pope could have spoken out about the general persecutions. To say, in reply, that the Pope had the duty of remaining neutral at all times throughout the war fails to take account of the Pope's own words, in 1940, that neutrality was not the same as "indifference or apathy where moral and humane considerations demanded a candid word."

Still, nothing said here makes the issue any the less debatable, or the possibility of reaching a solid conclusion any the more likely. But is that the end of the matter?

No, for it is to Hochhuth's credit that, however distortedly, he saw a moral problem and tried in his defective way to make us face it. But it is not necessary to face it on his terms. That would be a mistake, a mistake evident in the way many Catholics have centered their attention on Hochhuth's vilification of Pius to the exclusion of any questioning of the Church's role in the world or of its share of blame for the fate of the Jews.

What the Catholic can ask is whether, during the rise of Naziism, the Church could be seen by the world and its own members as "the pillar and ground of truth"? For that is one way in which Scripture describes the Church. Put another way, did the Church show itself, in the later words of Pope John, to be "mother and teacher of all nations"? The answer to both questions, we believe, must remain an open one.

If one cannot flatly say the Church demonstrably failed, neither can one say that the Church stood as a supreme exemplar of the Christian conscience. At a moment in history when the Church should have borne constant, unmistakable witness at every level that Nazi persecution of the Jews was a despicable crime, its voice was muted and erratic. If no one could mistake the Church's opposition to Communism, thousands upon thousands of German Catholics marched off to war at Hitler's command, apparently none the worse in their conscience for having done so.

The point here is not just that this happened—it is easy to excuse individual Catholics, many of whom undoubtedly acted out of ignorance. Rather it is that, in all the literature, both in Rome and in Germany, there is hardly any suggestion that these soldiers were ever given any real moral guidance. It is perhaps too much to expect that the Church should demand moral heroism from everyone. But it is not too much to expect that the Church will make unmistakably clear where morality lies, and that it will see to it, with every power at its command, that Catholics do not remain ignorant.

It is hard, too, to escape the conclusion that the persecution of the Jews did not occupy a notably high place in the Church's assessment of contemporary moral evils. The Church, in fact, risked very little in behalf of the Jews: it certainly did not risk its concordat with Germany or the maintenance of diplomatic relations. In sum, the Catholic record is a very mixed one; and that in itself should be grounds for self-reproach.

It is good that so many Jews have come to the defense of Pope Pius and of the Church. But is it not possible for the Church to demand of itself something more than even the most sympathetic Jews would demand? The Church cannot expect to have things both ways: it cannot claim to be the "mother and teacher of all nations" without setting for itself a high standard of conduct, a standard visibly and consummately higher than that expected even of civilized men and nations. If the whole controversy over "The Deputy" illuminates this truth for the Church, the play may in the end render a painful service.

Beyond the necessity for a higher standard of conduct, it is also essential that the Church consider as its agonies the agonies of all men, whether Jews, Protestants, believers or unbelievers. The extermination of the Jews was not a "Jewish problem." It was a problem for all men of good will. That this was not recognized with sufficient energy and insight was a grievous omission, a moral failure. The Church shared in this failure: through its passivity in the face of European anti-Semitism, through its failure to instruct vigorously the consciences of its members, through its failure to use fully the moral pressures at its disposal.

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"The Deputy"—I

Did the Church Fail?

JOSEPH L. FEATHERSTONE

DESPITE two West German literary awards, the Gerhart Hauptmann and the Younger Generation prizes, "The Deputy" would not survive for ten minutes on its artistic merit alone. In style and technique it belongs to the dreary dog-days of German writing, the imitative late forties and early fifties; it lacks nearly all the qualities that have come to characterize Germany's new literary renaissance. The most that can be said about Hochhuth's work is that, after severe cutting and adaptation, it is playable. Its hero is a young Jesuit, Riccardo Fontana, who in 1943 seeks to have the Church condemn the deportation and slaughter of Jews. He approaches the Papal Nuncio in Berlin, Orsenigo, influential cardinals in Rome, and eventually the Pope himself, who explains that "reasons of state" preclude any open protest. In despair, the Jesuit puts on a yellow star and is deported with a group of Rumanian Jews to Auschwitz.

Real historical figures mingle awkwardly in badly-constructed scenes with fictitious, not to say fantastic, characters such as a Mephistophilian "S.S. Doctor." Hard undigested lumps of historical documentation are barely stirred into the stew of Hochhuth's swooning verse which is terribly German and very bad.

If not as art, then, it is as a document and as a moral protest that we must judge Rolf Hochhuth's work. As a document, it is not completely convincing. One of his prime sources is Gerald Reitlinger's *Die Endlösung*, a study which many historians now regard as unreliable. Hochhuth's use of quotations is always highly selective and sometimes Pickwickian: a quote from François Mauriac is lifted out of context to give the impression that M. Mauriac and Herr Hochhuth speak as one voice on the sins of the papacy in recent years—an impression which is, at best, a quarter-truth. (Corrected by Hochhuth in the English edition—*Ed.*)

These are quibbles, however, and it is altogether too easy to evade the moral arguments of "The Deputy" by skillful quibbling, as many German Catholics have been doing. Even the German bishops who attacked the play last April as a scandal to the late Pope's memory tended to quibble and distort. (Was it wise of the good bishops, in any case, to defend Pius XII against the accusation that he appeased Hitler by insisting on his special love for the German people?) Most of Hochhuth's German critics have preferred to believe that he portrays Pius as an anti-Semite, which is simply not true. What Hochhuth charges is that the Pope, for reasons of state, remained silent. Here, as every Catholic should realize, Hochhuth is on something that begins to look like firm ground.

By comparison with his immediate predecessor, Pius XI, and with such later figures as Pope John XXIII or the German Jesuit, Augustin Cardinal Bea, Pius XII seems almost diffident on the Jewish issue. Pius XI witnessed the events in Germany "with burning anxiety." In September, 1938, he delivered a famous condemnation of the pogroms: "We are all spiritual Semites." His successor kept his peace. It is not accurate to say, as Hochhuth does, that Pius XII's only clear gesture of protest was an editorial in *Osservatore Romano*, since this completely ignores the Pope's Christmas message of 1942, or a speech to the cardinals in 1943. Still, while Hochhuth once again proves himself a careless critic on this point, there is a germ of uncomfortable truth in his charge. It does seem likely that another man would have provided stronger moral leadership against the Nazi outrages than Pius did. And it is disturbing for Catholics to realize that his protests were so faint, so few, and so far between.

The fact is that, despite the tone of absolute righteous certainty adopted by the German Catholics, there is no sure way to lay the ghost of the Catholic Church's uneasy conscience over the Hitler era. Let us admit at the outset that the problem of Pius XII's silence is a historical problem, and let us remember that historical problems never lend themselves to absolute answers. We achieve ambiguous, uncertain results by balancing hypotheses.

On one side, then, are the apologists for Pius XII, who insist that his silence was the reluctant choice of a lesser evil. They point out, quite correctly, that Pius was ever mindful of the Jews whom the Church was secretly helping—through papal nuncios in the countries of eastern Europe, through convents and monasteries, and through lay Catholics. (Today, for example, the Roman Jews revere Pius for his efforts on their behalf.) They say that the Pope's dilemma was complicated by his awareness

JOSEPH L. FEATHERSTONE, who received part of his education in Germany, recently returned from Europe.

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of the Russian threat to Europe. And in direct answer to Hochhuth, they cite the tragic example of the Dutch Catholic bishops who in 1942 protested the deportation of Holland's Jews—with the result that the S.S. immediately began rounding up Dutch Catholic Jews as well. Finally, the defense of Pius XII rests on a conjecture: that an open protest against the Nazis would have made things worse, instead of better, and that the Nazi leaders would only have used such a protest as an excuse to persecute the Church as an agent of the Allies.

AGAINST these arguments and this conjecture, critics of the Pope set instances of effective Church protest, such as papal nuncios in eastern Europe who hindered and sometimes prevented deportations, or the courageous example of the Bishop of Münster, Cardinal Graf von Galen, who conducted a telling campaign against Nazi euthanasia practices. The critics, too, ultimately rest their case on a conjecture: that a protest against the murders would have had some effect on the Nazis.

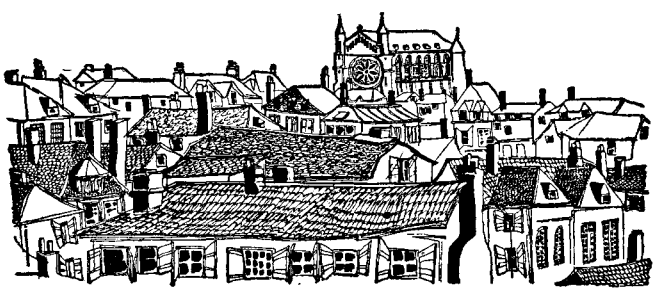
The two sets of conjectures seem nearly to balance, to the comfort of Catholics who find the whole discussion unsettling. But this is not the end of the discussion. To many thoughtful Catholics, historical analysis of the papacy's plight in those terrible years can only be the beginning of a troubled meditation. Because, quite apart from all historical conjecture, there is still the simple and unhistorical moral question: Did the representative of Christ, the successor of Peter, the holder of the keys—did Pius XII have the right to remain silent? It is this question that Hochhuth, for all his malice and stupidity, has raised. One wishes deeply that the German Church had weighed the core of his criticism before they spoke out.

The matter can be put in the words of the German theologian Hans Küng: "On the left lies the threat of *surrender to the world.* The Church has to be *in* the world and *for* the world; but the very fact that she exists *for* the world has often, for the sake of the world's salvation, to take the form of being *against* the world. Her norm can never be the 'elements' of the world and the law of the world, but only Jesus Christ. But the Church, being of men, is forever under the temptation to make herself at home in the world. . . ." (Küng's italics)

The problem is whether the Church, in its dealings with the Nazis, compromised its absolute spiritual essence; whether, faced with an absolute evil such as the Germans posed, it was right to think of "reasons of state"; whether total opposition, whatever the consequences, wasn't the proper course for Pius XII to choose. I do not wish to suggest that there is any simple answer—or even any answer at all—to the questions "The Deputy" raises. I do wish to suggest that they must be taken very seriously indeed. The Church is a historical institution, as well as an ideal, and yet we can never look upon it as only an institution. We cannot judge Pope Pius XII by the worldly standards appropriate to judging Neville Chamberlain, or Franklin D. Roosevelt. We expect more from Peter's heir, we expect him to light men's way, to lead them. And yet how much impact did the Church have on men during the thirties and forties? How much did Pius XII do to fill up the moral abyss in Europe? The answer may well be: not enough. The answer may well be that the web of events, concordances, and meetings in those dark decades was too much for the Church's leadership, as it was certainly too much for the leaders of the Western democracies. If we conclude this—as, *pace* the German bishops, we may—we should not then assume, with Hochhuth, that Pius XII was some sort of icy caricature of a human being. Hochhuth's failure as a dramatist is a failure of perception: in all humility and charity, we should recognize that Pius XII faced terrible moral dilemmas. His was a world, let us remember (have the Germans forgotten?), which Albert Camus epitomized in the story of the Greek mother who was forced by the Germans to choose which one of her three children would be spared fom execution. Such a world, with such choices, calls for a great tragic writer, or at least an artist of the theater of the absurd. Hochhuth, of course, is neither.

Perhaps an American Catholic will be pardoned a personal last word: it seems to me that the hysterical German reaction to Hochhuth's play is a bad sign. True, any such criticism of Pope Pius XII is bound to provoke the anger of loyal Catholics in every country, and we can expect some fireworks of our own now that the play has come to the United States. But in Germany—with some notable exceptions, such as *Das Ruhrwort,* of the Bishop of Essen, or Father Willehard Eckert at the Thomas Institute of the University of Cologne—the nature of the Catholic response was so bitter and so emotional that one could only conclude that some very raw nerve in the German body politic was being touched.

It seems to me that the German Church, like the rest of German society, has yet to come to terms with the Hitler era. The best of West Germany's brilliant new crop of writers said as much in 1958, when he published an essay called "A Letter to a Young Catholic." Heinrich Böll recalled that, in the Cologne of his youth, the Church was active and influential, but that young Catholics were taught to imagine that sex was the only possible locus of immorality. Böll remembers the spectacle of young Catholic recruits marching off to hellish land-



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scapes in occupied Poland and Russia, filled with a determination to preserve their chastity. As though that was the chief moral threat in serving as one of Hitler's soldiers.

THE CHURCH not only fell into theological error, not only failed to guide its people. Thousands of priests and laymen died in the concentration camps, men like Lichtenberg, Father Delp, and the nameless priests whose breviaries can be seen displayed with the Jewish prayerbooks at Auschwitz. But to their glory and the Church's shame, they were alone, acting on their own. And at the time they were dying, Böll saw Catholic sections of the Hitler Youth marching in the streets of Cologne and singing "when the Jew blood spurts from the knife."

The story of the Church in Germany is the story of a failure in moral leadership, and that, perhaps, is why the Germans are so stung by the accusations against Pius XII. "German Catholics," Böll writes, "have for decades had no deeper concerns than the development of liturgy and the cultivation of good taste; that is very praiseworthy, but I wonder if it can serve as an alibi for one or two generations."

Let Catholics be the first to speak out: it is disturbing that the German Church has forgotten the time when it was fashionable to come to mass in an S.A. uniform; that German Catholics (and other Catholics) feel no special guilt that the papacy was one of the first states to recognize Hitler in 1933; that, once again, their Church is failing to fill a moral vacuum in Germany.

This time the vacuum is people's attitude toward the past. Germany's best writers and critics all testify that a nation which has locked up its traumas and erased its past is not a healthy nation. The new German writers, especially, are doing the country an immense service, dragging the past back into the German consciousness. But they are surely not enough. The Church is needed. So many new movements are stirring in the Catholic Church, so many old rooms are being aired of the dust and debris of centuries, that one would hope for a corresponding change in the German Church. One would hope that, as a moral leader, the Church, and not the *Spiegel's* and the Hochhuth's would be unearthing the sordid and compromised recent past.

Above all, one would expect humility from the German Church, and a Christian readiness to accept criticism. Instead of bristling when attacked, it should rather answer: *peccavi*, I have sinned.

"The Deputy"—II

Letter from Pope Paul VI

THIS LETTER on "The Deputy" was one of the last written by Pope Paul VI as Cardinal Montini, Archbishop of Milan. It was received by the *Tablet*, an English Catholic weekly, June 21, 1963, the date of Cardinal Montini's election to the papacy, and printed by that periodical in its issue of July 6, 1963. The full text follows:

Dear Sir,

It gave me much pleasure to read the article entitled "Pius XII and the Jews," which appeared in your excellent periodical on May 11th, 1963: it was a most welcome defense not only of Pope Pius XII, of venerated memory, and of the Holy See, but also of historical truth and sound logic, not to speak of common-sense.

It is not my intention here to examine the question raised by the author and the producer, Rolf Hochhuth and Erwin Piscator respectively, of the play "The Deputy": namely, whether it was Pius XII's duty to condemn in some public and spectacular way the massacres of the Jews during the last war. Much, to be sure, might still be said on this point, even after the very clear and cogent article in the *Osservatore Romano* of April 5th; for the thesis of Herr Hochhuth's play—that, to quote Mr. George Steiner's review in the Sunday *Times* of May 5th, "We are all accomplices to that which leaves us indifferent"—bears no relation whatever to the personality or the work of Pope Pius XII.

I cannot myself conceive how anyone could bring such a charge (let alone make it the subject of a play) against a pontiff who might well, had he wished, have declared with a clear conscience to the whole world: "No effort on our part was lacking, nothing that anxious solicitude could suggest was left untried to prevent the horrors of mass deportation and exile; and when despite our just expectations this proved impossible, we set ourselves to do everything in our power to mitigate, at least, the cruelties of a state of affairs imposed by brute force." But history—a very different thing from such artificial manipulation of facts to fit a preconceived idea as we see in "The Deputy"—will vindicate the conduct of Pius XII when confronted by the criminal excesses of the Nazi regime: history will show how vigilant, persistent, disinterested and courageous that conduct must be judged to have been, when viewed in its true context, in the concrete conditions of that time.

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For my part I conceive it my duty to contribute to the task of clarifying and purifying men's judgment on the historical reality in question—so distorted in the representational pseudo-reality of Hochhuth's play—by pointing out that the character given to Pius XII in this play (to judge from the reviews in the press) does not represent the man as he really was; in fact, it entirely misrepresents him. I am in a position to assert this because it was my good fortune to be drawn into close contact with Pius XII during his pontificate, serving him day by day, from 1937, when he was still Secretary of State, to 1954: throughout, that is, the whole period of the World War.

It is true that the precise scope of my duties did not include foreign affairs ("extraordinary" affairs, as they are called in the language of the Roman Curia); but Pius XII's goodness towards me personally, and the nature itself of my work as *Sostituto* in the Secretariat of State, gave me access to the mind and, I would add, to the heart of this great Pope. The image of Pius XII which Hochhuth presents, or is said to present, is a false one. For example, it is utterly false to tax Pius with cowardice: both his natural temperament and the consciousness that he had of the authority and the mission entrusted to him speak clearly against such an accusation. I could cite a host of particular facts to drive this point home, facts that would prove that the frail and gentle exterior of Pius XII, and the sustained refinement and moderation of his language, concealed—if they did not, rather, reveal—a noble and virile character capable of taking very firm decisions and of adopting, fearlessly, positions that entailed considerable risk.

NOR IS it true that he was a heartless solitary. On the contrary, he was a man of exquisite sensibility and the most delicate human sympathies. True, he did love solitude: his richly cultivated mind, his unusual capacity for thought and study led him to avoid all useless distractions, every unnecessary relaxation; but he was quite the reverse of a man shut away from life and indifferent to people and events around him. Rather, it was his constant desire to be informed of everything. He wished to enter fully into the history of his own afflicted time: with a deep sense that he himself was a part of that history, he wished to participate fully in it, to share its sufferings in his own heart and soul. Let me cite, in this connection, the words of a well-qualified witness, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, the British Minister to the Holy See who, when the Germans occupied Rome, was obliged to live confined in the Vatican City. Writing to the *Times* on May 20th Sir D'Arcy said: "Pius XII was the most warmly humane, kindly, generous, sympathetic (and, incidentally, saintly) character that it has been my privilege to meet in the course of a long life."

Again, it is not true to say that Pope Pius XII's conduct was inspired by a calculating political opportunism. It would be just as true—and as slanderous—to assert that his government of the Church was motivated by considerations of material advantage.

As for his omitting to take up a position of violent opposition to Hitler in order to save the lives of those millions of Jews slaughtered by the Nazis, this will be readily understood by anyone who avoids Hochhuth's mistake of trying to assess what could have been effectively and responsibly done then, in those appalling conditions of war and Nazi oppression, by the standard of what would be feasible in normal conditions—or in some hypothetical conditions arbitrarily invented by a young playwright's imagination. An attitude of protest and condemnation such as this young man blames the Pope for not having adopted would have been not only futile but harmful: that is the long and the short of the matter. The thesis of "The Deputy" betrays an inadequate grasp of psychological, political and historical realities. But then the author was concerned above all to write an interesting play.

LET US suppose that Pius XII had done what Hochhuth blames him for not doing. His action would have led to such reprisals and devastations that Hochhuth himself, the war being over and he now possessed of a better historical, political and moral judgment, would have been able to write another play, far more realistic and far more interesting than the one that he has in fact so cleverly but also so ineptly put together: a play, that is, about the vicar who, through political exhibitionism or psychological myopia, would have been guilty of unleashing on the already tormented world still greater calamities involving innumerable innocent victims, let alone, himself.

It would be as well if the creative imagination of playwrights insufficiently endowed with historical discernment (and possibly, though please God it is not so, with ordinary human integrity) would forebear from trifling with subjects of this kind and with historical personages whom some of us have known. In the present case the real drama, and tragedy, is not what the playwright imagines it to be: it is the tragedy of one who tries to impute to a Pope who was acutely aware both of his own moral obligations and of historical reality—and was moreover a very loyal as well as impartial friend to the people of Germany—the horrible crimes of German Nazism.

Let some men say what they will, Pius XII's reputation as a true Vicar of Christ, as one who tried, so far as he could, fully and courageously to carry out the mission entrusted to him, will not be affected. But what is the gain to art and culture when the theater lends itself to injustice of this sort?

With my sincere respects, devotedly yours,

G. B. Cardinal Montini
Archbishop of Milan

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The Real Issue

IT IS HARD to realize that the Berlin premiere of Hochhuth's "The Deputy" took place only a year ago. Since then the play has been translated into many languages and has been staged in several countries. I cannot remember another play that has been so widely discussed, and an American production is scheduled to open here late this month.

I saw the Hochhuth play in London last fall—or at least I saw the two and a half hours which have been culled from a play that would take seven or eight hours to put on in its entirety. It is, I think, quite a bad play; when Pius XII washes his hands like Pilate on stage—literally—one realizes there is no limit to which Hochhuth will not go. "The Deputy" has power, but not because of any worth as a play; it can move us only because it is a historico-legal statement about the most monstrous crime of our time, and perhaps of any time—the systematic murder of six million Jews in the heart of civilized Europe. It is this crime that gives "The Deputy" its importance, and it is on this level rather than as a play that I would like to discuss it.

The Hochhuth thesis is a simple one. Pope Pius XII, he maintains, could have stopped Hitler from exterminating the Jews by a forthright denunciation before the whole world. That condemnation Pope Pius never delivered, at least in the explicit terms Hochhuth wanted. The motives for the Pope's silence, as Hochhuth sees them, were these: first of all, and most incredibly, that the Vatican was profiteering from the war; secondly, that Nazism was fighting the great enemy in the East, atheistic Communism; thirdly, the hope that a silent, "neutral" Pope would eventually be called on to mediate between the warring parties. In "The Deputy" Pius is a far cry from the saintly portrait of the Catholic press; Hochhuth's Pope was sly, he was greedy, he was morally insensitive, he was a politician without principle. In short, for Hochhuth the Deputy of Christ on earth was a villain.

How is a Catholic to respond to all this? In Germany and England some made plain their conviction that any discussion of the Pope's conduct is completely out of order. In France, a few Catholics even became violent when the play was produced. Both reactions seem to me inappropriate. Catholics claim for the Pope infallibility under certain circumstances; we don't say he can do no wrong. The only valid question about "The Deputy" as a historico-legal document is its truth. On this score, and on this score alone, then, I would throw Hochhuth's indictment out.

This is not to say that on the Jewish question Pope Pius did all some of us would have wanted. It is true that he condemned racism, but he did so in such general terms that for many the effect was muted. It is true that he personally was responsible for the sheltering of many Jews, in the Vatican and elsewhere, but these amounted only to thousands while millions were dying in the concentration camps and gas chambers.

Part of this may have been temperament. Pope Pius was a shy and rather retiring man; it is possible that another Pope, a John XXIII, for example, might have succeeded in rousing the conscience of the world against Hitler and forced him to stop his planned extermination of the Jews. Or, on the other hand, the effort might have backfired, as it did in Holland, where the condemnation of a Nazi deportation program by the Catholic bishops only led to more extensive measures.

In any case, it can certainly be argued that Pius erred. But this is not what Hochhuth charges. The playwright does not say Pius made a mistake in judgment; he says he followed the wrong course because he was a vain, greedy and unprincipled man. Hochhuth does what no man can do; he inserts himself into the mind of Pius and draws only the worst conclusions. He is guilty of the worst kind of McCarthyism, and only the staggering immensity of his charge has kept people from seeing this fact.

All this, I think, is true. And yet something more needs to be said, for if one is content simply to defend Pius, one risks collaborating with a lie, or at least with a half-truth. For if Hochhuth is wrong in his indictment, he is wrong only in the man he singles out; correct that, and Hochhuth has given us a true bill.

Nineteen hundred years after the birth of Our Lord, a monstrous form of pagan barbarism arose in the heart of Christian Europe. By the thousands and by the hundreds of thousands, men who called themselves Christian abandoned the one true God in order to worship in the Nazi's cult of blood and race. By the thousands and the hundreds of thousands, they were at best silent and at worst cooperative with Hitler's "final solution" to the Jewish problem. And while this went on in Germany, Christians in other countries watched, most of them in silence, some even approving what Hitler was doing. What are we to say about that? As far as that goes, what are we to say about the conspiracy of silence that greeted Gordon Zahn's attempt to weigh Catholic responsibility for Hitler in *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* (Sheed & Ward), and this only two years ago, not in Germany but in the United States?

Hochhuth is wrong, then, and people should know this. They should know it because it is altogether too easy to lay the blame on Pius XII, and this can easily be just one more act of evasion where there has been too much evasion already.

JAMES O'GARA

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"The Deputy"—III

A Paradoxical Play

CATHARINE HUGHES

THE MOST interesting thing about "The Deputy" is not the work itself, but the reactions it has evoked—and, not coincidentally, how typical they are. At a time when more and more lip-service is paid to the writer's "duty" to comment on the questions, the issues and the ideas that matter, there is something more than slightly disturbing in the fact that this "duty" must, at all costs, stop short of causing us to, in effect, holler when we are hurt.

The questions we wish discussed—and which we damn the dramatist or the novelist for not discussing—remain those to which we can give due obeisance; can, if we will, see as our own only through the veil of a rosy-fingered dawn or a darkly-shattered mirror, a mirror whose sharp edges cannot injure because they cannot *really* reach. We do not want to pick up the pieces and cut ourselves. As a matter of fact, what we seemingly want is to have them beveled first; blurred to a point of recognition just short of recognition. Thus, while it is an intriguing game to speculate on the ambiguities of a Beckett, an Ionesco or a Pinter, it is a game where it is possible to withdraw the hand at any time. And with complete uncertainty.

In "The Deputy," Rolf Hochhuth does not permit that withdrawal. Rather, he flatly asserts that Pope Pius XII's attitude toward the Jewish persecutions of World War II was conspicuously lacking in anything approaching the acceptance of a role which possessed the potential to influence and perhaps to abate the extension of Hitler's carnage. It is, somehow, an "offensive" thesis—one which causes a certain recoil of our sensitivities.

It is Hochhuth's contention—one that is presented with considerable dramatic intensity, if not always historical accuracy—that Pius XII declined to take a firm stand on Hitler's "Final Solution to the Jewish problem" —genocide, the mass extermination of the Jewish people. According to Hochhuth, the pope's "silence" was essentially a product of fear and expediency. The question, as seen by the playwright, is a relatively simple one: whether Pius, who by 1943 was well aware of the Nazi program against the Jews, should have raised his voice against it. Or, to be somewhat more accurate, should have raised it more loudly than he did in a generalized statement in the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano*. Hochhuth believes—and many would concur—that this statement was both other than adequate and other than justifiable.

"The Deputy's" potential for antagonizing is considerable. And the author pulls few punches. Thus, he parodies Pius XI's 1937 encyclical against the Nazis, *Mit brennender Sorge* ("With burning sorrow") into the Pope's voicing "With burning concern for our factories." There are, almost beyond doubt, questions that can be raised about Pius XII's attitude on German handling of the "Jewish problem." They can be raised equally concerning most nations and statesmen of the time; against many private individuals as well. In a sense, however, this is *not* the question posed by "The Deputy." And it is perhaps equally the fault of Hochhuth and his critics that it is not. For, as so often happens, both the "prosecution" and the "defense" have gotten lost in the woods that burn about them.

The idea behind "The Deputy" is a valid one for the theater. There is no justification for the contention that, on a political matter—and this was largely that—the Pope stands beyond questioning. Nor is there any reason for the nature of the opposition that has arisen in many quarters, Catholic and non-Catholic; the attitude that protests, in effect, that a hands-off policy is necessarily the best policy. The understandable sensitivities of the German people cannot be denied. Neither can Hochhuth's right to a hearing. Indeed, the only thing that can be rightly questioned is what he does dramatically to substantiate his thesis.

"THE DEPUTY" opens in Berlin in August, 1942. A young Jesuit overhears a Christian S.S. man—supposedly one of those who is attempting to destroy the Nazi government from within—tell the Papal nuncio of the Nazi's extermination plan for the Jews. Nothing is done by the nuncio. Father Riccardo, the fictional Italian priest, returns to Rome, where he seeks an audience with the Pope. In the interim, he is subjected to the cynicism and indifference of the Curia and other members of the hierarchy.

When Father Riccardo finally sees the Holy Father, his reception is other than he had anticipated. Instead of an all-out denunciation of the Nazi atrocities, or even a genuine protest against them, the Pope issues only the *Osservatore Romano* statement referred to above: pri-

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marily an expression of papal concern and fatherly feelings for all of mankind. In protest, the Jesuit pins the star of David to his cassock and becomes part of the shipment of Jews destined for Auschwitz.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that Hochhuth acknowledges that Pius XII did personally finance the escape of many thousands of Jews, and indeed concealed some at his summer residence in Castel Gandolfo. And, though he does not indicate it, he is undoubtedly familiar with the Pontiff's June 2, 1943, letter to the cardinals, which referred to national and racial persecutions, and said in part: "Every word that we might say about this matter to the officials concerned, or any public statement of ours had to be seriously considered and weighed in the interest of the sufferers, in order not to make their situation even more hopeless."

The Pius XII depicted in the scene with Father Riccardo is, for the most part, a calculating politician in clerical garb. He is seemingly oblivious to, or capable of ignoring, the moral questions which the Nazi exterminations raised. It is a picture of something approaching opportunism, though the word is really too strong. The Pope feels more called upon to object to the fact that a Roman bishop has threatened, without authorization, that he—the Pope—will condemn the Nazis for arresting *baptized* Jews, along with the others, than he is concerned with the fact that men, women and children are being massacred.

When Father Riccardo seeks the Pope's aid, he is told: "Reasons of State prevent us calling Hitler a bandit. . . . The West should go easy on him as long as he proves useful in the East." The same theme—the fear of Communism—is voiced by other Church dignitaries. As indicated in Gordon Zahn's study, *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars,* this concern with the impact of Communism on Europe was a major factor in the frequent ambiguity, and even support of the German war effort, of the German Catholic hierarchy in World War II. (The whole sociology of nationalism was, however, in all likelihood the major element.) In any case, it is almost impossible to say whether the same motivations were equally active at the Vatican. It is, at best, a subject for speculation. There are, however, certain other factors which are not. Most of them have been reflected in the reactions to "The Deputy" both in Germany and abroad.

Initially, there is the question raised by Hochhuth's epilogue to the play's published version: "Perhaps never before in history have so many people paid with their lives for the passivity of a single politician." It is strong language, of course, and the reactions have in some instances been nearly as vituperative, drowning out the occasional attempts at either a reasoned refutation or a logical explanation. On one side, there is the view, represented by Joseph Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne and the head of the German Bishops' Conference: a churchman universally considered among the "progressives" within the Catholic hierarchy. The Cardinal views Hochhuth's drama as a defamation of Pius XII, which Catholics cannot tolerate. It is his contention that the author understood neither the personality of the Pope nor the historical situation.

Cardinal Frings asserts—in a view shared by numerous historians—that, had the Pope intervened directly in behalf of the Jews, the Nazi persecutions might have risen to even greater heights. Since almost precisely this happened when the Dutch hierarchy protested the treatment of Jews in Holland, as well as in other instances, there is certainly at least an element of probability to the idea. The same theory has been advanced by Msgr. Erich Klausener, head of the Berlin archdiocese's press office, who adds the further and, today, more relevant comment, that Hochhuth "makes it easy for his audience by presenting the Pope as the scapegoat for all our own weaknesses."

This question of the possibility of shifting guilt accounting for the play's success recurs time after time in the statements of both Catholic and non-Catholic historians and sociologists. After tracing Pius' efforts—more cautious than those Hochhuth suggests, and perhaps more successful—the Protestant historian who holds the chair of Current History at the Free University of Berlin, Professor Bussmann, notes: "The judgment of this drama serves neither historical knowledge nor understanding of what happened in the sphere of German power between 1933 and 1945. The inquiry for those responsible during those years should be directed not at the Pope but at the German people."

THERE IS, of course, little doubt that Germans of all ages accept only with extreme difficulty their recent history. Any number of novels and works of non-fiction have sought to explicate it or to present apologias. Hochhuth's play, as a New York *Times* Berlin dispatch reported, "has awakened Germans to their own past more than any other postwar theatrical production." Although Dr. Adolf Arndt, head of the West Berlin art and science department, asserted that " 'The Deputy' is not somebody to be sacrificed in our stead—it is a symbol of ourselves and our own failings," there can be little denying that the play has, in effect, served this purpose in some quarters. For, if it is not possible to shift the guilt itself, it is at least possible to mitigate it by questioning the re-

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sponsibility of the man regarded as "The Vicar (or Deputy) of Christ." It is possible to ask: if not he, then who? The possibility of Hochhuth's errors does not really enter into such an approach. Basically, it is an emotional response, and as such, believes what it elects to believe.

One thing may be said, although it has little or no relevance in what has become the real issue surrounding "The Deputy": Hochhuth's right—or prudence—in raising his question. It is quite simply the matter of motivation—not of the author, but of the man he seeks to depict. Hochhuth could not penetrate the mind or the heart of Pius as it was manifested at a time when he himself was eleven or twelve years of age. Nor, indeed, could he be expected to. He could, however, perhaps be expected not to act as if he had; to, in short, grant the possibility of reasons other than those he sets forth.

For the most part, he fails to do this; as a consequence, an extraordinarily complex man—whether right or wrong—is given something less than the depth his character demands; is made to act the "villain" of melodrama, rather than the Hamlet of truth. It is not so much a matter of prejudices, of deviousness, or of lack of courage as it is of art, which here is emerging an erroneous black and white. By almost all accounts of Pius' character, Hochhuth was incorrect in attempting to paint the Pope as other than the complex product of a complex history, a complex period and dealing with a complex issue.

Something else may be said, as well. It concerns the whole obligation of a Church—in this case the Roman Catholic, but equally of others—to speak out, to be, in fact, as in name, an active participant of the age in which it lives. Traditional moral theology was without adequate answers for Nazism, as it is today without adequate response to the nuclear armaments race. (The late Pope John XXIII's inspiring encyclical *Pacem in Terris* was in some part a recognition of this obligation.) In a very real sense, it is this question more than any other that might have been served by Hochhuth's play. That, however, is to demand the constructive in the face of the essentially negative. It is a demand which, for the moment, we seem unwilling to meet. And, in this at least, it is we who are in the wrong.

In a theater which is, or should be, the product of its time, the role of the serious dramatist is more often than not an almost impossible one. If he seeks, through the ambiguity of the Theater of the Absurd, the philosophical bases by which we live, he very likely presents an essentially inverted compendium that is generally meaningless and ineffective, or a drama that can be ceremoniously written off as "symptomatic of the age we live in" or with some equally inept, equally tooled, piece of pseudo-critical jargon. If he does not—if he instead writes a conventional drama; presents recognizable characters within a recognizable world—he is more than likely accused of being old-fashioned, of "not moving with the times."

If, like Hochhuth, he slaps the audience in the face with his accusations, if he sufficiently insults our sensibilities, he is met, not on the ground of art, but of wounded, defensive pride. The problem of Hochhuth in "The Deputy" is essentially that of any serious modern drama: to understand its own material, to present it honestly and effectively, and to be accepted with equal honesty. More than anything else, it would seem that the first and last conditions have not been met.

"The Deputy"—IV

The Need for Confession

FRIEDRICH HEER

NO PLAY since the end of World War II has scored such a direct hit as Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy." Catholics, Protestants, Jews and "neutrals" have vociferated against the play and its staging. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and "neutrals" have also supported it. But the loudest and most violent protests have come from Catholics, including Catholic journalists, who have neither read nor seen the play but who are mesmerized and shocked by its theme. The play, they feel, is a monstrous insult to the Holy Father and to our Mother, the Church; anti-Christ has stepped before the footlights!

But Hochhuth's play, which dares to violate some of the most cherished taboos, is neither anti-Christian nor anti-Catholic. Hochhuth, a young German Protestant, made an exhaustive study of the question, not least in Rome, where he was advised by an elderly and experienced German-speaking bishop. Moreover, "The

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Deputy" is dedicated to the memory of two Catholic priests: Father Maximilian Kolbe, prisoner No. 16670 at Auschwitz, and Father Bernhard Lichtenberg, provost of St. Hedwig's cathedral in Berlin—two courageous opponents of Hitler who suffered martyrdom. Thus we have to realize, in this connection, that many of the Catholics of German-speaking regions who attack Hochhuth are actually defending not so much Pope Pius XII as themselves, their own attitude, their collaboration with Hitler to the—literally—bitter end. Two Catholic writers—Gordon Zahn in *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* and Carl Amery in *Die Kapitulation—oder deutscher Katholizismus heute [The Surrender—or German Catholicism Today]*— have shown the well-nigh total integration of a certain type of German Catholicism in Hitler's war machine.

Hochhuth was interviewed by the editors of the *Züricher Woche* (27 September 1963) at the time his play opened in Basle. He was asked: "You are accused, for instance, of anti-clerical bias . . . Do you personally have any anti-clerical sentiments? Do you perhaps bear some personal grudge against Catholics?" To which he replied: "My best school friend is a Catholic. In fact, so strict a Catholic that his parents were very much afraid that he would enter the priesthood. He is now in the Federal Department of Justice at Bonn. He is also my son's sponsor. That would not indicate anti-clerical or anti-Catholic bias on my part, though I make no secret of the fact that I find the silence of the higher clergy about what happened absolutely reprehensible—in contrast with the lower clergy. Three thousand European Catholic priests fell victim to Hitler, without the Pope so much as raising a finger on behalf of any one of them."

NOW LET me quote the letter which a German Catholic cleric wrote to Mr. Hochhuth and which expresses openly what a number of distinguished Catholic theologians and high-ranking churchmen have admitted to me in private conversation, but without making their sentiments public:

"Since I consider the attacks made upon you by certain groups of Federal German Catholics on account of your play as exaggerated and unjustified, I feel impelled to take this means of expressing to you my appreciation and admiration for your work. I rejoice that you have dared to scatter the artificial mists which had been raised in order to obscure the past. The Pope's silence about those crimes was and remains painful to me. On 12 July 1943, at a clerical conference, I sharply criticized the Pope's silence, after an eye-witness had given me an unforgettably detailed description of the mass execution of Jewish persons. After the war, therefore, I could never understand how the Catholic press could positively idolize Pius XII. Your work has a cleansing and liberating effect, and gives grounds for hope for the future. Those who think it harms the Church are mistaken. Moreover, I could complete and confirm your 'historical spot-lights' in certain points from my own experience, and I am sending you today the photostat of an English leaflet which the RAF dropped over northern Germany in the summer of 1943. The original is in my possession. I wish you every success in your further labors. Do not lose heart in the face of the massive attacks launched against you."

This letter, written by Dr. Gökhen of Lingen/Ems on May 18, 1963, appears on pages 81-82 of the miscellany entitled *Summa Iniuria, oder: Durfte der Papst schweigen?—Hochhuth's Stellvertreter in der öffentlichen Kritik* ["Summa Iniuria, or: Should the Pope Have Kept Silence? Hochhuth's 'Deputy' in the light of public criticism"]. This work, together with the volume put out by the Basilius Presse of Basle, *Der Streit um den Stellvertreter* ("The 'Deputy' Controversy"), constitutes a good introduction to the discussion of Hochhuth's play in German-speaking Europe.

Dr. Gökhen hopes that Hochhuth's Christian tragedy will have a cleansing and liberating effect—precisely on Catholics. But this calls for an important qualification: the play can have such an effect only on Catholics who have acquired a certain degree of twentieth-century consciousness.

American Catholics are reproached—unjustly, in my view—for cultivating an immature, infantile Catholicism, informed by a primitive group egotism, incapable of so much as perceiving spiritual problems. They are alleged to be incapable of discussion, of objective argument with friend or foe; to be vain, egocentric, wrapped up in themselves, nationalistic, inclined to react with annoyance to anything they do not like. Personally I do not believe that these characteristics apply to American Catholics; but they do apply to many European Catholics, who now sit in judgment upon Hochhuth.

THIS IS where one has to take a personal stand. Pius XII treated me, personally, with the greatest friendliness, kindness and cordiality. It was in the consciousness of that fact that I wrote, in my frequently quoted statement on "The Deputy" of 17 March 1963:

"Anyone who ever approached the impressive figure of Pope Pius XII and looked into his careworn features, his bloodshot eyes, anyone to whom he extended his hand, finds it hard to 'judge' this Pope. I cannot do it, I do not want to do it, but I have to confess that all Catholics, from the highest to the lowest—priests, chaplains, laymen (anti-Semitic to this day)—are co-responsible for the mass-murder of the Jews. Not only the thousands of baptized, confirmed and religiously wedded Christians who took a direct part in the mass murders . . . Not only bishops who, as in Poland and Hungary, drew up anti-Semitic pastoral letters and

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permitted their publication . . . We have present to us the frightful failure of Rome from 1933 to 1945. There were many reasons for this. One of the principal reasons for the terrible error of Pope Pius XII should be looked for in the circumstance that this Pope—who was not well disposed toward democracy, as he himself admitted to Heinrich Brüning, and not a few members of the Curia, more unconsciously than consciously—regarded Hitler's war against Russia as a possible liberation from Communism."

I concluded that statement with the following lines: "One word more as a Catholic. For years I have been haunted by the thought of the confession of sins—*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti*—recited by millions of Catholics in thousands upon thousands of Holy Masses . . . The Confiteor is ritualized thoughtlessly, without understanding, mechanically; whereas if it were actualized, it could mobilize tremendous energies and powers of the soul. The great potential of inner powers —the real armament which is needed within the Church and throughout Christendom—will be released only when the daily confession of sins is in the best sense of the term politicized, actualized, concretized. Then it will mean: 'I confess to God the almighty Father . . . that I have sinned . . . through my fault, through my most grievous fault in the persecution of the Jews . . . (for "Jews" you can substitute, as occasion arises, the next best hated "enemy").' Rolf Hochhuth's "Deputy" is a clear invitation to such an actualization of the Confiteor."

THAT SEEMS to me the chief point, for Catholics, about this provocative play. I am using "provocative" in the positive sense of a call, a challenge, a calling forth to personal responsibility. Catholicism will become believable again, in the family of man, only when it takes its place squarely in the world's solidarity in guilt. We Catholics do not live in the beyond, but right in the middle of this world, and we are united in multifarious ways with all our brethren, black, red, yellow, brown. The preconditions for Hitler's "solution" of the Jewish question were, on the one hand, a thousand-year Christian, and also Catholic, anti-Semitism, and, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a close alliance between leading churchmen and authoritarian, totalitarian, Fascist men and powers.

Pope Pius XII was a prisoner of the nineteenth century. The promulgation of papal infallibility made the Pope a prisoner of the integralist party. The integralists locked the Pope up in the Vatican and raised him—for the masses—to the position of a fetish surrounded by taboos (hymns to the Holy Ghost, for instance, were directly applied to the Pope). The Pope, "the Holy Father," became a protective shield for the intrigues of the "officials," as Lord Acton and Friedrich von Hügel called similar men in their day, who loudly invoked the authority of the papacy in their hard struggle for mastery over the Church and over those objectionable Catholics whose views differed from their own. They were always talking of the Holy Father, but they listened to him only when his words suited them. What is the function of the Holy Father for these integralists? Quite simply to defend the fortress of the Church against anti-Christ, in the person of the bad liberals, etc. How is he to do this? By concluding agreements, pacts, concordats with princes, kings, emperors, statesmen, by issuing pastoral letters and encyclicals fulminating against innovators and modernists. In addition, there must be no conversation with the "enemy," no dialogue, no sober and objective discussion with adversaries.

The nineteenth-century popes sought alliances with the Czars, and sacrificed Poland to them—Poland, the ancient bastion of Catholic Christendom in eastern Europe. On the eve of Hitler's invasion of Poland, Pius XII made arrangements with Hitler's Government through his nuncio in Berlin for the protection of the rights of the Church in Poland after the occupation. Shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War, at the Eucharistic Congress in Budapest (near Vienna, already under Nazi occupation, where a good number of Catholics were imprisoned), Cardinal Pacelli, as the legate of Pope Pius XI, made a statement which at the least could be interpreted as a call to arms against the godless Bolsheviks. On the eve of the German invasion of the Soviet Union, and during that invasion, Pius XII made arrangements concerning the ecclesiastical "new order" in the occupied territories. Pius XII, prisoner of the nineteenth-century curial mentality, concluded agreements with Hitler, Franco, Mussolini. . . . The many thousands of sheets of paper which constitute the encyclicals, addresses and radio messages of Pope Pius XII contain no reference to the Jews—nor to the thousands of Orthodox Serbs murdered by the Catholic Croats.

THIS LEADS us to an extremely important conclusion: up to the time of Pius XII it was not considered self-evident that the Catholic Church should champion the rights of those outside its fold—Jews, Protestants, and

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others were "overlooked." Suffragan Bishop Kampe, discussing the Hochhuth play, emphasized the point: "It is not customary," he said, "for ecclesiastical pronouncements explicitly to take up the cause of groups adhering to a different philosophy." But that is precisely where Catholics who believe in an open Catholicism come in: for them it is intolerable not to be responsible before God and man; for them, the *Pontifex maximus*, as chief shepherd and bridge-builder, must identify himself with all the persecuted, with all who are threatened with extermination.

The great Copernican revolution in the Church set in only *after* Pius XII. Under John XXIII and Paul VI the Church has begun to see itself as involved in discussion, in dialogue: discussion among Catholics of greatly differing viewpoints on politics and spirituality; and discussion between the Church and the rest of the world. A Council under Pius XII would have been unthinkable; so would a statement by the Church about its share in guilt for what has happened in the twentieth century; and so would a statement by the Church on a matter which has long been necessary—a new encounter between Christians and Jews. It is no accident that to this day, in Rome, integralist Catholics can campaign against the presentation of a schema to the Council which would reformulate the relations between Christians and Jews —after fifteen hundred years of Christian murder and persecution of Jews.

Pius XII himself was neither a friend of Hitler nor an enemy of the Jews, but his political ideas were such that he considered it more important not to "stab Hitler in the back" by diplomatic means (diplomatic negotiations, *in camera*, would have sufficed to postpone Hitler's "solution" of the Jewish question to the day of victory!) because he regarded the Wehrmacht as the strong bulwark against Bolshevism. He was therefore opposed to the policy of unconditional surrender. Father Robert Leiber, S.J., who for many years served as his confidant and secretary, expressed it thus on March 27, 1963: "The Pope regarded the policy of unconditional surrender declared at Casablanca in January, 1943, as a calamity."

Yet the abandonment of the principle of unconditional surrender would have meant a peace treaty with Hitler! And that would have meant the elimination of all "objectionable" Christians and Catholics, or at least their deportation to the East (the plans had already been worked out).

The *Neue Jiddische Zeitung* of Munich stated on March 8, 1963: "Pius XII's attitude is a sad historical reality, confirmed by secret diplomatic papers which the American Department of State has made public. These papers tell of Washington's efforts to alleviate the plight of the European Jews by soliciting the support of the Vatican on their behalf. The American ambassador in Switzerland approached the Vatican on a number of occasions to urge the Pope to protest publicly against the horrors committed by the Nazis—in vain. A similar intervention by Brazil was equally unsuccessful. Nevertheless, the United States Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, ordered his ambassadors to continue their efforts. Finally, on October 16, 1942, Cordell Hull was officially informed that the Vatican had rejected America's diplomatic endeavors. Mr. Myron Taylor, President Roosevelt's representative at the Vatican, reported to Washington that the Vatican was seeking to circumvent the problem on the grounds that it was impossible to verify the accuracy of the documents concerning the murder of Jews. This answer was made after Myron Taylor had presented to the Vatican documents containing precise details of that frightful murder."

WE KNOW now that Hitler, Himmler and the S.S. were very careful to show regard for the Pope, at least until the day of "final victory." Pius XII did not once protest when in Rome itself, literally at his doors, thousands of Jews were herded off to extermination. This is attested by a Catholic member of a resistance group in Rome, Hans Kühner-Wolfskehl: "A public appeal should have been made at the latest on the day when the first thousands of Jewish Roman citizens departed for their agonizing death. The death trains, as we believed at the time on the basis of our immediate knowledge of the situation, would not have left Rome, with all that that entailed, had the Pope personally intervened, and the arrests would, in addition, immediately have been called off.

"When he wished, as in connection with the two bombardments of Rome, Pius XII could act astonishingly fast. But in the case of the deportation of the Jewish citizens, we of the resistance waited in vain for the appearance of even a single cardinal. It must be clearly stated today—and in this respect Hochhuth is right—the threat of an interdiction and the denunciation of the ill-starred concordat which bound up papal history with Hitler Germany and which Hitler constantly violated, would have had a not insignificant effect. During the difficult months of terror prior to the liberation of Rome, we repeatedly discussed this with responsible personalities."

The editors of the *Züricher Woche* also put this question to Hochhuth: "Have you not been accused of attacking a Pope for an individual failure, and thereby by implication of attacking the whole Church?" Hochhuth answered: "No, I wish people would finally understand. But they don't. Pius is not regarded as one of 260 pontiffs; people identify themselves so completely with Pius, or rather, they identify Pius with the Catholic Church, with the whole institution of the papacy, as though there had been no other popes, as though there were no other possibilities, as though all this had not taken place eighteen long years ago. And I believe that

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a change will come. Recently, here in Basle, a Jesuit father visited me. He told me that in a group of clergy in Cologne an old, very distinguished Jesuit had said that what Hochhuth said about Pius was not so important after all. Pius was a historical figure, he was not the Church. This surprised me very much. It was the first time anyone had reacted in that way. Yet that is how people should react. This old Jesuit in Cologne was much more concerned about the reference to God in Act 5 of the 'The Deputy'."

The controversy about "The Deputy" leads, for Catholics, to the very heart of the necessary discussion of the firmly-entrenched tradition of the Church: Should the Church continue to regard itself, as it has since the Counter-Reformation, as a fortress which, in defending its own "holy interests," ignores the life, suffering and death of people of different views? Or should the Church —Mother Church—be conceived of as the matrix of mankind, open, protective of all the children of men, Buddhists, atheists, Negroes, etc?

There is something else which Rolf Hochhuth's creative provocation should and could call forth among Catholics: a really adequate presentation of the life and suffering of Pope Pius XII. Thus far he has been surrounded by taboos, glorified as a plaster saint, dehumanized—and thus made to appear inhuman. But this would be a task for a truly Catholic investigation and historical writing, conscious of the duty of the *Pontifex Maximus* since Auschwitz, Maidanek, Mauthausen and Hiroshima: to portray the Pope bearing the cross of human guilt, of common guilt, up until his frightful agony, his solitary death, deprived of human communication.

To such a pope, bearing the cross of human guilt, Christians and non-Christians would not give a false aura of holiness, but neither would they deny him a crown—the crown proper to a mortal man who, in times of Copernican revolution, where Catholicism seeks to shake off the shackles of centuries, has to carry a burden which (as he admitted himself, in a note found in an envelope before his death) was beyond his strength.

"The Deputy"—V

A Jewish Defense

JOSEPH L. LICHTEN, director of the Intercultural Affairs Department of B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League, is the author of a 35-page booklet entitled *A Question of Judgment: Pius XII and the Jews* (National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1963). Substantial excerpts from the booklet follow:

There is considerable documentation in support of Pope Pius' fear that a formal statement would worsen, not improve, conditions for the persecuted. Ernst von Weizsäcker, the German ambassador to the Vatican during World War II, wrote in his memoirs:

"Not even institutions of worldwide importance, such as the International Red Cross or the Roman Catholic Church, saw fit to appeal to Hitler in a general way on behalf of the Jews or to call openly on the sympathies of the world. It was precisely because they wanted to help the Jews that these organizations refrained from making any general and public appeals; for they were afraid that they would injure rather than help the Jews thereby."

Pius XII's "silence," let us remember, extended to persecutions of Catholics as well. Despite his intervention, 3000 Catholic priests were murdered by the Nazis in Germany, Austria, Poland, France, and other countries; Catholic schools were shut down, Catholic publications forced out of print or strictly censored, Catholic churches closed. The possibility of a public statement from the Vatican moved German Foreign Secretary Joachim von Ribbentrop to wire Von Weizsäcker on January 24, 1943:

"Should the Vatican either politically or propagandistically oppose Germany, it should be made unmistakably clear that a worsening of relations between Germany and the Vatican would not at all have an adverse effect on Germany alone. On the contrary, the German government would have sufficient effective propaganda material as well as retaliatory measures at its disposal to counteract each attempted move by the Vatican."

Pius learned precisely how firm this German threat was from the protest of the Dutch bishops against seizures of the Jews, for immediately following that protest and, as later confirmed by an S.S. officer, in direct answer to it, the Nazis stepped up their anti-Jewish activities in the Netherlands: a week after the pastoral letter was read at all the masses in Holland, the S.S. rounded up every priest and monk and nun who had any "Jewish blood" whatever, and deported them to concentration camps. Pius and his bishops and nuncios in Nazi-occupied or -dominated countries knew that, like a sane man faced with a gun-carrier threatening to shoot, Hitler and his cohorts could not be considered civilized human beings. As Archbishop Andrea Cassulo, papal nuncio in Roumania, said in June, 1942, "I must proceed cautiously

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because [my actions] could ruin, instead of being useful to, so many wretched persons whom I must often listen to and help."

The Pope's decision to refrain from a formal condemnation of the Nazis' treatment of Jews was approved by many Jews. One Berlin couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfsson, came to Rome after having been in prison and concentration camps. They took shelter in a convent of German nuns while Pius himself, whom they had seen during an audience, arranged for them to escape to Spain. Recalling those terrible days, the Wolfssons recently declared:

"None of us wanted the Pope to take an open stand. We were all fugitives, and fugitives do not wish to be pointed at. The Gestapo would have become more excited and would have intensified its inquisitions. If the Pope had protested, Rome would have become the center of attention. It was better that the Pope said nothing. We all shared this opinion at the time, and this is still our conviction today. . . ."

Pius XII's defenders in print—among others Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Msgr. Alberto Giovannetti, Father Robert Leiber, and Harry Greenstein, who represent three faiths and four nationalities—point to two elements of the Pope's personal philosophy in addition to the pragmatic reason for his decision to refrain from an explicit condemnation of the Nazis. First, he considered it his paramount duty to be pastor of the universal Church, and in his eyes this position required the strictest impartiality. Second, as an experienced diplomat, he knew full well that the days when a Vatican sanction carried weight were long since past, as Sir Alec Randall points out: we have already seen just how correct this appraisal was. The era of renewed spiritual and moral leadership introduced by the pontificate of John XXIII had not yet dawned. . . .

It is a matter of record, of course, that Pope Pius XII did not launch a verbal attack directly against the Third Reich; the statements he did make during World War II, with rare exceptions, were general expressions of sorrow and sympathy for all victims of oppression of any kind, and did not name names. As Von Weizsäcker wrote in a report to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin on October 28, 1943:

"Regardless of the advice of many, the Pope has not yet let himself be persuaded to make an official condemnation of the deportation of the Roman Jews. Despite the fact that he must expect his attitude to be criticized by our enemies and attacked by the Protestants in Anglo-Saxon countries, who will use it in their anti-Catholic propaganda, he has thus far achieved the impossible in these delicate circumstances in order not to put his relations with the German government and with its representatives at Rome to the test. Since it is currently thought that the Germans will take no further steps against the Jews in Rome, the question of our relations with the Vatican may be considered closed.

"In any case, it appears that such is the viewpoint of the Vatican. *Osservatore Romano* of October 25-26. however, published an official statement on the Pope's charitable activities. The statement, which was couched in the usual abstract and vague Vatican terminology, said that the Pope expressed his paternal solicitude for all men without regard to race, nationality, or religion. The many activities of the Pope would be increased because so many were suffering so much misfortune.

"One could not raise any objection to this statement because few will recognize a direct reference to the Jewish problem in it."

ACCORDING to the March, 1961, article "Pius XII and the Jews, 1943-1944" in the Jesuit publication *Civiltà Cattolica,* by Father Robert Leiber, Pius XII's personal assistant from 1924 to 1959, the Pope directly denounced an illegal procedure only once during the entire war: the German invasion of Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg on May 10, 1940, prompted the now famous telegrams to the heads of the three invaded states. These messages aside, Pope Pius XII followed the policy of Pope Benedict XV during World War I, and protested in general terms against injustices and violence wherever these might be found.

But is it correct to say that Pius XII was otherwise silent on the subject of Nazi atrocities? Had he utterly ignored the plight of the Jews, the term would be appropriate; had he spoken directly in their cause, he might today be called foolhardy—if we are to carry even his accusers' admissions to their logical conclusion. In effect, he chose a third course, one dictated by his long experience as a Vatican statesman and his great desire to save lives. . . .

That the Pope was deeply antagonistic to the racism the National-Socialists advocated is evident from his work prior to his election to the papacy. The famous *Mit brennender Sorge* shows the hand of Pacelli, then Vatican secretary of state; more directly, as papal legate, Pacelli spoke these scathing words to 250,000 pilgrims at Lourdes on April 28, 1935:

"They [the Nazis] are in reality only miserable plagiarists who dress up old errors with new tinsel. It does not make any difference whether they flock to the banners of the social revolution, whether they are guided by a false conception of the world and of life, or whether they are possessed by the superstition of a race and blood cult."

Pacelli had obviously established his position clearly, for the Fascist governments of both Italy and Germany spoke out vigorously against the possibility of his election to succeed Pius XI in March of 1939, though the cardinal secretary of state had served as papal nuncio in Germany from 1917 to 1929 and had been instrumental in the signing of a Concordat between Germany and the Vatican. The day after his election, the Berlin *Morgen-*

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post said: "The election of Cardinal Pacelli is not accepted with favor in Germany because he was always opposed to Nazism and practically determined the policies of the Vatican under his predecessor. . . ."

Early in the German occupation of Italy, the S.S. began their persecution of the Jews. On September 27, 1943, one of the commanders demanded of the Jewish community in Rome payment of 100 pounds of gold in 36 hours, failing which 300 Jews would be taken prisoner. The Jewish Community Council worked desperately, but was able to gather together only 70 pounds of the precious metal. In his memoirs, the then Chief Rabbi Zolli of Rome writes that he was sent to the Vatican, where arrangements had already been made to receive him as an "engineer" called to survey a construction problem so that the Gestapo on watch at the Vatican would not bar his entry. He was met by the Vatican treasurer and secretary of state, who told him that the Holy Father himself had given orders for the deficit to be filled with gold vessels taken from the Treasury. There is some disagreement today among some of the principals involved—Zolli, other prominent Jews of Rome, and Father Robert Leiber—over the amount of gold demanded as ransom and whether the Community Council actually borrowed the gold; but there is no question that the Vatican did make the offer.

From the first days of the war, Pope Pius distributed untold sums to aid Jews all over Europe. The Vatican's own refugee agencies and the St. Raphael Verein gave financial and other material help in amounts we cannot begin to guess until the Vatican archives are opened, but the sums which passed through the hands of the Pallottine fathers, who administered the St. Raphael Verein and who kindly gave me materials from their own records, were very large. In addition, Pope Pius supervised the receipt and disposition of funds sent in his care by various sympathetic individuals and groups in Europe and the Americas, notably the Catholic Refugee Committee of the United States. American Jews put large sums into the hands of the Pope, who distributed them according to the wishes of the donors; Father Leiber estimates that Pius received some 2½ billion lire from Jews in the United States by the end of 1945. . . .

TEN YEARS after his address to the pilgrims at Lourdes, Pope Pius returned full circle to the theme of brotherhood which, contrary to playwright Hochhuth's allegations, inspired his unflagging help to persecuted Jews. After the liberation of Rome, while there was apprehension over the fate of Jewish prisoners in the hands of the Axis powers in northern Italy and Germany, he said: "For centuries the Jews have been most unjustly treated and despised. It is time they were treated with justice and humanity. God wills it and the Church wills it. St. Paul tells us that the Jews are our brothers. Instead of being treated as strangers, they should be welcomed as friends."

The tangible evidence of Pius' real character—his love for all men, and his particular concern for "justice and humanity" toward Jews—lies in the fact that throughout the war Jewish leaders from all over the globe approached him for help. One of the foremost of these was Chief Rabbi Isaac Herzog of Jerusalem, to whom the Pope gave the message that he would do everything in his power to help the persecuted Jews. Rabbi Herzog traveled to Constantinople to seek financial and other assistance for his Jewish Aid Fund, and, true to the Pope's word, found in the apostolic delegate in Istanbul, Archbishop Angelo Roncalli, an uncommonly dynamic collaborator in the rescue operations carried out for the Balkan Jews. A letter dated February 28, 1944, which the future John XXIII wrote the Vatican to transmit a plea from Rabbi Herzog for help for the Jews of Roumania, began: "Chief Rabbi Herzog of Jerusalem . . . came to the Apostolic Delegation personally in order to thank the Holy Father and the Holy See officially for the many forms of charity extended to Jews in these last years. . . ."

No one who reads the record of Pius XII's actions on behalf of Jews can subscribe to Hochhuth's accusation. However, though the evidence moves against the hypothesis that a formal condemnation from Pius would have curtailed the mass murder of Jews, this is still a question of judgment.

The Jews

Geography went looking for you. Weathers
tempered the wind to the lamb (while Judah's lion
leaped out of weathers of mind). From Lebanon cedars
leaned toward the south. And though six points of star
were scarcely bright enough to point out Zion
to suburbs of earth, although even some far

island crawling with gods laid claim to quarry
to be foresworn in other rite of fire,
though number spoke from other candelabra—
still, nowhere else did sky learn how to say
the poem you heard there telling God His glory.
Yet different witness too was called by Abram—
such as a people's roots in mystery

to hide Shekinah. When Advent warns us, spire
and steeple call out a name wherever Vespers
open Isaiah; but where you keep the style
of Chanukkah's lamps and songs, the dark eyes hint
something learned long ago outside a tent—
and say O not the name you shrink from still
but mystery. Sometimes we overhear
the hiddenness of God that Israel whispers.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA

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THE STAGE

West of Broadway

FOR A LONG time there has been general agreement among unaffiliated and disinterested observers that the commercial theater has no capacity for self-regeneration. If the drama in this country is to come into new life, it will have to derive it from sources outside the central structure, which means, geographically, outside Broadway and, vocationally, away from the Broadway-oriented consciousness and morale. This is not to say that New York will, or should, cease being the center, the ultimate testing-ground and arena, but that its originating power will have to be dispersed and its grosser values prevented from exerting their centrifugal and unilateral force.

Everything that makes for pessimism about the condition of the theater and New York's hegemony over it has been concentrated and put on display in the Lincoln Center Repertory Company's first production, Arthur Miller's "After the Fall." What is especially dismaying in this debacle that is passing so widely as a rebirth is the fact that it represents the flowering of a perversion: it is the idea of repertory, or permanent companies in permanent homes, that has been so deeply compromised by the Lincoln Center's putting its expensive collection of talent in the service of such a banal and dishonest work as Miller's new play.

And yet there is a value to the affair. It has finished the work of clearing the air that was begun by the Actors' Studio when its productions of "Strange Interlude" and "Marathon '33" abundantly established its radical incapacity for a job of redemption. Now that the Lincoln Center myth has arranged to exhibit its corporeal base and we can see that its purportedly life-giving element is actually neon, we are in that painful stripped condition that follows upon the destruction of illusion, and so are in a better position to pick ourselves up and proceed.

One way to do this is to look more closely at what is being done outside the power-house. And something is going on: there are signs, slight, inconclusive and equivocal as most of them are, that the theater outside New York is beginning to exist—to exist, that is, on a level immeasurably above that of the "little theater" and the neighborhood playhouse. The Arena Theater in Washington and the Alley Theater in Texas have been strengthened in recent months and the past year has seen the establishment of repertory companies, operating in substantial surroundings and on a solid physical basis, in Minneapolis and Seattle.

But Broadway spirituality and ideology have a way of infecting even the most far-flung and nobly conceived alternatives to them, so that, for example, the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, for all its undeniable virtues, has not yet risen above gimmickry and obviousness in some of its productions and timidity in its choice of repertoire. There is, however, one group which comes close to incarnating the dream so many of us have had of a true, original, skilled and risk-taking theater, and that is the San Francisco Actor's Workshop, a model of what may be accomplished with faith, tenacity and fidelity to the drama as an art.

The Actor's Workshop was founded by two New Yorkers, Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, who continue to run it as an act of love and a total vocation and in conformity with their own vision and no one else's. The group is now in its twelfth season, having just finished with a highly successful and from all accounts brilliant production of Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle" and being currently engaged in presenting a highly interesting new work by a young American playwright and a revival of Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker."

Throughout its twelve seasons the Workshop has maintained an astonishingly high level of seriousness and excitement in its choice of plays, while steadily increasing in technical mastery and that cohesiveness and subordination of the part to the whole which is the *sine qua non* of viable repertory theater. It has presented Shakespeare and the lesser Elizabethans, the Greeks and Molière, as well as the modern classics—Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov, Synge, Lorca, O'Casey. It gave the first American production to Brecht's "Mother Courage" and also to plays by Carl Sternheim, Pinter, John Arden and John Whiting. But beyond this, which is what we might expect from any company with an imaginative dedication to dramatic art, it has given new and previously unproduced American playwrights a chance to have their work done with sympathy and professional deftness.

This has meant taking chances. For San Francisco, despite its reputation as a cultural center, is as resistant to the new and disturbing in art as most American cities. After twelve years it is still the sanctified, like "The Taming of the Shrew" or the reportedly scandalous, like "The Balcony," which fill the Workshop's seats, while new, aggressive or unsettling plays by unknown dramatists have to struggle through their runs.

"The Defense of Taipei," a first play by Conrad Bromberg, whose première I attended on my trip to the Coast last week, is a work of rather remarkable vigor and uncommon vision, exactly, however, the kind of drama which is going to have trouble finding an audience to sustain it. It is a surrealistic fable about the state of illusion in America, and though its ostensible subject is Negro-white relationships (in this respect it towers above all recent native works of this kind), its real center is in its revelatory grasp of the

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nature of social, sexual and political mythology and self-deception.

It is a flawed work, structurally imbalanced, shifting damagingly between tones, tending at times to encourage its own weakest characteristics. But it is extremely funny, robustly bawdy, irreverent and bellicose, the kind of play Broadway would smooth and flatten into acceptability, if it would dream of touching it in the first place. By producing it, the Actor's Workshop is doing just what a theater that is worthy of the name is supposed to do. RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

God and Men Turn Their Backs

AGAIN and again during the course of Ingmar Bergman's latest film, "The Silence," I was reminded of "Last Year at Marienbad" and wondered if the Swedish master builder was kidding it and us. In the visually beautiful "Marienbad," we are never really sure if we were there last year and what-the-hell was going on. "The Silence" takes place in an unnamed country where the two sisters and the son of the younger break their homeward train journey because the elder is ill. A strange language made up by Bergman is spoken here (only the Swedish is translated in subtitles) and we are never sure just what Bergman is getting at. We see and hear a lot about sex and we are convinced that it doesn't bring the sisters either peace or happiness. The elder sister, a lesbian, unable to attract the younger after they get their rooms in a sumptuous hotel, turns to self-gratification and indulgence in alcohol. And the younger sister, perhaps just for spite or perhaps because she's a nymph, goes out on the streets prowling for a man who joins this woman later in a hotel room where the elder sister watches their frantic, loveless love-making.

Although Bergman has displayed a grim joke from time to time in his other films, I doubt if he's pulling our leg in "The Silence." The picture is expertly directed and superbly acted—with Ingrid Thulin as the man-hating elder sister, Gunnel Lindblom as the restless, prowling younger woman and mother of the bewildered little boy. Perhaps that little boy is meant to be us in our bewilderment at what's going on here. Certainly he's the only character with whom we can identify in this unpleasantly-warm country where our mother and aunt are tortured and nerve-wracked by sick bodies and sicker souls.

If "Marienbad" had a dream-like surrealistic quality, "The Silence" has a nightmarish surrealism that is even more haunting and disturbing as we find ourselves asking what does this mean, what is the intention of that symbolism. Since this is the third in Ingmar Bergman's trilogy about God, he is obviously not saying that God's creatures are just a joke and overwhelmed with trials they cannot meet. But along with the suffering sisters, who are disgusted with themselves, there are other symbols like the gamboling dwarfs, ominous army tanks, and the elegant hotel itself where the elder sister is left to die.

In the first of the trilogy, "Through a Glass Darkly," the conclusion seemed to be the father's final statement: "We cannot know whether love proves the existence of God, or whether love itself is God." In the second film, "Winter Light," the clergyman who is going through the tortured period of God's silence starts his evening service at the finale with "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord Almighty," and indicates he will continue to serve until he survives his doubts. "The Silence" could be God's silence again—with God turning His back on men and women who turn away from Him. As well made as this picture is, I think it is unwise for Bergman to leave us baffled—unless he himself is wandering and baffled. But it is likely that Bergman knows where he was and where he's going; and he is giving us a modern interpretation of St. Paul's "consider your own call, that there were not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the wise, and the weak things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the strong, and the base things of the world and the despised has God chosen, and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are; lest any flesh should pride itself before Him." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"Federal Aid and Catholic Schools"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: There is abroad in the land a new theory about Catholic schools: it argues that the schools are not only not a help to the work of the church but a positive hindrance. The American church, it is maintained, has poured so much of its resources, personnel and energy into Catholic education, that it does not have the time nor the people nor the will to really serve as an apostolic center of the community. Such to a greater or lesser extent seems to be the position [Jan. 31] of Father Geaney (as quoted in James O'Gara's column), of Father Francoeur, and of Mary Perkins Ryan's new book.

Without wishing to engage in debate at the present time with the whole position of this school of thought, I would like to point out that two of its assumptions

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can be converted into testable hypotheses: 1) One of the reasons for the lack of the newer apostolic endeavors which would produce a living parish is that so much of the time and effort of the clergy and the religious are poured into the school system and 2) The existence of the parish school provides an excuse for parents not instructing their children in religion; in the absence of the school there would be more religious instruction in the home and family and hence better Catholicism in the parish.

Leaving aside the question of whether the school system may not generate more personnel in the way of religious vocations than it absorbs into its work and the further question of why a "fine, fully developed CCD program in a parish" (Father Francoeur's words) can do in one hour a week what a school cannot do in twenty, it is still possible to fashion a direct test of both hypotheses.

There are some 7,000 Catholic parishes in the country which do not have parochial schools. If a certain number of these parishes were carefully matched with parishes that do have such schools (matched that is on region, income of parishioners, size of parish, etc.), one would expect, if the hypotheses are correct, the following findings: 1) In the parish where there is no school, the clergy—since they have so much more free time and energy—will be much more involved in the newer apostolic and liturgical methods than those in the parishes with schools. 2) That there will be notably more religious instruction in the home in those parishes which do not have schools and a resultant higher level of Catholic commitment.

Fortunately we need not wait too long for an answer; the current Carnegie sponsored survey being carried on at The National Opinion Research Center is collecting data against which these hypotheses can be tested.

I wonder if Father Geaney, or Father Francoeur, or Mr. O'Gara or Mrs. Ryan would like to place a small wager on the outcome. *(Rev.)* ANDREW M. GREELEY

National Opinion Research Center
University of Chicago

EDITOR'S NOTE: We try not to argue with sociologists, at least on their own ground. But we doubt that the comparisons Father Greeley is suggesting are in fact valid. The data collected by the National Opinion Research Center will undoubtedly tell a great deal about parishes which for one reason or another happen not to have a parish school. Conclusions about such parishes would not, however, necessarily apply to the kind of parish Mrs. Ryan, Father Geaney and Father Francoeur are talking about: a parish in which it is deliberately decided that there will be no parish school in order to concentrate on the liturgy, parental instruction, adult education, etc., etc. In both cases one would be talking about parishes without parochial schools; aside from that one fact, however, they might be as different as day and night.

West Chester, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: It was once said that only priests were unaware of political and social realities. But now, alas, it may be said of laymen, too. *Vide* Daniel Callahan, "Into the Briar Patch [Jan. 31]."

Mr. Callahan urges us, among other things, to stop dramatizing the Catholic case and to start channeling our talents and energies into some "American educational problems which do not directly concern Catholics." All this is to be done in the name of the common good. This is altruistic, ideal, and as-things-should-be approach pertinent, perchance, to angels or to men living in an unfallen state, but not, I fear, to flesh and blood men.

Unquestionably the great American Public School has its problems. And they are real problems. We too have *our* problems—not that such a clear cut dichotomy can really be made in terms of *our* and *their*—but lest you forget it takes more than a sympathetic ear and a stilled tongue to solve problems. It takes shoulders, and at present no one has volunteered shoulders and back. We are reeling and straining alone.

Somehow I cannot bring myself to believe that *our* seven million students are not a part of our common good—a vital, immediate part.

Yes, it would be wonderful if we could set aside differences, and share problems, if we could all clasp hands in a spirit of solidarity and understanding. But aren't you putting the cart and family before the horse? One day we will be able to work together lending, sharing, helping—all this in a *closer* spirit of should-be-ness. (We will never attain the Ideal.) But this will only be accomplished when the fruits of our harvest are the tangible products of dollars and cents.

I am surprised that Mr. Callahan and the Commonweal have forgotten that you cannot tell a sick man to forget his sickness, to grin-and-bear-it, as it were. Such were the tactics of Job's consolers. And that was unpardonable. R. C. SAGNELLA

"Women and the Church"

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Rosemary Lauer is understandably indignant at the notion that "woman exists for the man, not man for the woman" ["Women and the Church," Dec. 20]. But she does not seem to realize that, biologically speaking, the relationship is reversed and it is men who should be regarded as "misbegotten females."

The purpose of the sex system among higher organisms does not seem to be reproductive but the mixing of genetic elements. In many plants and lower animals, reproduction is taken care of asexually. Strawberries

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reproduce by runners rather than by seeds, and varieties of apples and grapes are continued by grafts and cuttings. Amoebas and other simple animals propagate by budding.

If human beings were not divided into two sexes, reproduction would presumably use the same method. But the infant buds would need protection and nourishment, and this could be most simply supplied within the parent's body. Upon reaching a certain size the embryo would have to leave this protection, but could still be helped by a supply of nutrition from the parent's body.

Under such a reproductive arrangement, what would the parent's body be like? Would it not be, in almost every respect, that of a woman? The chief difference between such a human being and an actual woman would be in the number of chromosomes in the initial cell, and there would have to be another means of stimulating that cell to division; seasonal, nutritional, emotional, or what not. But the beings we call men would not exist, and they would not exist because they would be completely unnecessary. Parthenogenesis would be the rule rather than the exception. There would be no claims to male superiority because there would be no males to make them. GRAHAM CAREY

Rockaway Park, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Eyebrows raised over Rosemary Lauer's "Women and the Church" [Dec. 20] might come down a bit upon comparison of her excellent article with a discourse given to nuns in 1961 by Cardinal Montini (Paul VI).

Miss Lauer quotes a resolution of the St. Joan's International Alliance made this year at Fribourg "that diaconal duties be entrusted to women as well as men if the diaconate is restored as a permanent ministry."

Cardinal Montini exhorted the women religious of the Archdiocese of Milan on February 11, 1961, "become what you have always signified, what you have always been, but now, in a truly natural and purely etymological sense, become the 'deaconesses' of the Church of Christ—that is, become the ministers. You must come closer to the altar, to souls, to the Church in order to gather together the people of God."

The entire address appears in the *Sister Formation Bulletin*, Autumn 1963. SISTER REGINA AGNES, C.S.J.

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Inquiries should be addressed:

DR. EDWARD D. SIMMONS, Director
Workshop in Philosophy

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

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"Justice and the Canal"

Uniondale, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: The article by Will Sparks on Panama [Feb. 7] was especially interesting. It seems to me that the last paragraph sums up not only the trouble in Panama but in all of Latin America as well as in Africa and much of Asia.

The United States together with the other Western nations has been content to treat all non-whites and non-Anglo Saxons as either real or figurative colonials. Hence people in these countries have never been helped in any basic way. It is true that jobs, usually of a menial nature have been supplied, but the training of the peoples in these nations for leadership—professional, business or political—has been wholly neglected. Usually we in the United States have allowed large percentages of the funds we give or lend to peoples of other lands to go directly into the private coffers of the handful of rulers; rulers who are frequently despised by the people. It often turns out, then, that the United States appears as the supporter of tyrants, which may be accidental but is not any less true for all of that.

Years ago a program should have inaugurated for the training of engineers and managers among the Panamanians with the express aim of having these people take over the operation of the Canal. Instead, we have been building a colony, just as surely as the British or French empires ever built up a colony. Our excuse has always been, sometimes implicit, sometimes insultingly explicit, that one could not allow Latin Americans to operate anything so complicated as the Canal. "You know how *those* people are!"

In recent conversation I had with a priest who is working with the Papal Volunteers for Latin America he said, "The successful missionary, either religious or lay, is the one who works himself out of a job. If he must remain on the job, then he is failing to do his job." Unfortunately, too many Americans found they had a good thing going for them in too many parts of the world, so the colonial mind built up the rationale which found the necessity for permanent residence.

JAMES B. KELLEY

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Critics' Choices for Catholic Book Week

W. E. ARNOLD

The "Catholic book" seems to be an indefinable, if dispensable category. I do not know what a "Catholic book" is, but the following is a choice of recent excellent publications that seem to be especially appropriate to Catholic Book Week. Many others might have been included, but reading those listed has given me the kind of pleasure that I wish to share.

Bossuet. By E. E. Reynolds. (Doubleday. $4.95) The seventeenth century is justly known as both the Splendid Century and the Century of Genius. It was the age in which many of the leading ideas of the modern world were first forged. Now in a very full and thoughtful biography, E. E. Reynolds has rediscovered the man whom Samuel Johnson once called "one of the first luminaries of religion and literature" in that or any other age. The student of the Church and the modern world will be in Mr. Reynolds' debt for discovering the great Bossuet as a man of his times and for ours.

Christ the Sacrament of the Encounter with God. By E. Schillebeeckx, O.P. (Sheed and Ward. $4.50) If I were asked to name the best recent theological essay, I would not have to think twice. This profound and original work by a brilliant Dutch theologian will repay greatly every effort the reader brings to it. Father Schillebeeckx has, I think, done nothing less than renew the meaning of the sacramental life of the Church. This is a central work, in the truest sense of the word.

The Confessions of St. Augustine. Translated by Rex Warner. (Mentor Omega Books. $.75) All "confessions" are more or less successful attempts to imitate the first and greatest of them. None can match the intensity, the splendor and the sheer truthfulness of the original. Now, when there are such cheap and easily obtainable editions of it, there is no excuse for putting off the reading or the re-reading of what is invariably one of the most formative books in any man's life, whether he comes to it early or late. The advantage of this edition lies in its new and brilliant translation.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) This is, quite simply, the best single work on the subject. And there are really two books here plus a very useful bibliography. Mr. Callahan both tells a fascinating story and poses a very sharp and present challenge. He has broken ground which promises to yield a good harvest some day. The condition of that is to cultivate the ground he has broken. One can not begin better than by reading this book.

The Prison Meditations of Father Delp. (Herder & Herder. $4.50) Alfred Delp, S.J., was murdered by the Nazis in connection with the attempted assassination of Hitler. These reflections on the Church and the Churches, the failure of Christianity and its future tasks were written while the author was in chains. They are very searching, very powerful and disclose truths in almost every line, truths which we neglect at our peril. I have seldom read a book so moving.

Sunday Morning Crisis. Edited by Robert W. Hovda. (Helicon. $3.95)

Madeira and Columbus

Off the coast of Africa,
Four hundred miles or more,
Suddenly Madeira rose, volcanic, from the sea;
A purple perpendicular, a mountain island,
Towering to the sky from sands of glinting black basalt,
Lava-bred.
Startlingly, the sun lay at its base,
Or so it seemed. At first a crimson streak,
It rounded minutely and awesomely to day.
Sweet smell of fennel on the air, known of old
To sailors far off shore who called the port
Funchal, the place of fennel.
Rosemary, too, and flowering jacaranda,
And eucalyptus trees and cork and cypress forests.

Here once Columbus came, shipwrecked, they say,
After a sea engagement.
He stayed among the Portuguese, buying sugar crops
For merchants back at home in Genoa.
But all the while he listened to the talk
Of mariners who believed that there were islands to the West;
Hearing the tales of exploration from explorers;
Marrying the daughter of the Governor, who had served
With Henry the Navigator; studying his logs and maps;
And learning from this farthest western point
That he had ever touched, the temper of the tides,
The moods of winds, of the unenclosed Atlantic,
Less peaceful than the cradle of his youth,
The Middle Sea.

This was the garden spot; the planting for Discovery.
Madeira in the Old World seedling for the New.
Madeira, the precursor
Of San Salvador.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

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The editor of this wonderful little book is too modest. He calls it "a kind of introduction to the Church for those who do not know it well or deeply." No one, I think, can know the Church so "well or deeply" that he cannot learn much, be both goaded and encouraged by this extraordinarily lively and informative collection of essays on every aspect of the Church's common worship. If by some trick of St. Teresa's it should fall into the hands of America's pastors and parishioners, we could have reason to rejoice and expect better things.

JAMES FINN

The first two books on my list are, independently, valuable and interesting works. But for anyone interested in what events and influences have conjoined to produce the American Catholic of today, I suggest that they be read together. At the risk of some distortion one could say that the first reveals the impact America had upon Catholicism, the second the impact that Irish Catholics had upon America.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) The title of Mr. Callahan's book only partially indicates the scope of what he has undertaken. He has not only written the first historical account of the Catholic layman in this country, which is accomplishment enough, but, bringing this history up to date, he has defined the major sources of tension within the Church today and suggested how some of them may best be resolved.

The American Irish. By William Shannon. (Macmillan. $7.95) Mr. Shannon writes that his "principle in organizing this book has been to emphasize those activities in which the presence of the Irish has made a significant difference, as what might have occurred if no Irish had come to this country." He has concentrated on the political, religious, literary contributions the Irish have made although there are excursions into other areas, boxing and the theater for example. Most interesting, of course, is the Irish involvement in the political and religious life of America and the frequent interming-ling of the two. Shannon's book is a pleasure to read, due in good part to an understated wit that the misguided might describe as English.

Right Reverend New Dealer: John A. Ryan. By Francis L. Broderick. (Macmillan. $5.95) The name of Monsignor Ryan is still one to conjure with even though many of the things for which he fought—against an opposition that judged them dangerous and radical—have become the ground on which we stand as we attempt to press forward. Even, too, if for many people he is now best known for his defense of the traditional "thesis" on church-state relations. In the context provided by Mr. Shannon's book both his very real contributions and equally real limitations can be more readily understood.

The Great Hunger. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. (Harper & Row. $6.95) Moving back in time, this book describes with cruel detail the great famines in Ireland, famines which decimated the population by death and emigration. More than any other single book I know, it makes one feel what that country and its people underwent in the last century and why, when the Irish poured into America, they had the suspicions, aspirations and determination they clearly had.

What I Believe. By François Mauriac. (Farrar, Straus. $3.95) This book was written, Mauriac says, to answer the question, "Why have you remained faithful to the religion into which you were born?" A familiar Mauriacean question to which he offers a not completely unfamiliar answer. We encounter again his insistent and incisive comments on love, grace, solitude; his scorn for calculators, systems, moralizers. For those who know Mauriac's other works there is little that is new here. The pleasure afforded by this brief book is the pleasure of encountering once again an old acquaintance whose intense response to fundamental human concerns finds beautiful and moving expression.

ROBERT T. FRANCOEUR

While some may feel disappointed with the positive results of the Vatican Council thus far, the stimulus it has given to fresh, creative and frank writing on controversial topics so often skirted, avoided or cloaked in vagueness in the past is quite evident.

The first priest to accept a faculty post at Western Michigan University, John A. Hardon, S.J., confirms his reputation as one of the leading authorities on *The Religions of the World* (Newman Press. $7.50). As a foundation for an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the beliefs of others committed to the search for the Absolute, this ecumenical volume touches on the history, beliefs and practices of a dozen major religions. The points of interest and comparison can be quite fruitful.

Myths and Realities (Bruce. $4.75) is a deceptive title for Father John L. McKenzie's sequel to *The Two-Edged Sword,* but this lively collection of essays moves with skill and boldness through the touchy areas of intellectual freedom in the Church, inspiration and revelation, myth and the Old Testament, and the messianic mission of Christ.

The Problem of Population (University of Notre Dame. 95¢) is a paperback series of three volumes that promises to be a courageous and controversial approach to *the* topic of everyday discussion. The first volume, *Moral and Theological Considerations,* reports on the first of three symposia sponsored by the University and from accounts of that first meeting I must put the series among my recommendations though I have not yet had an opportunity to read it.

A very readable approach to *The Mind of the Catholic Layman* (Scribner's. $3.95) is the product of Daniel Callahan's pen. Thoughtful and controversial, the book will undoubtedly strike sympathetic harmonies in the minds of many Catholics, particularly among an enquiring and awakening laity.

The Christian Commitment (Sheed & Ward. $4.50) to life in the everyday world is more difficult reading, for Karl Rahner's style is not the easiest to translate from its tightly packed German. However, the topics Father Rahner deals with, the position of Christians and their role in the world,

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the apostolate, youth and the Mass, and the Eucharist, cover some of the most crucial areas of Catholic living, shedding new light and meaning on important phases of man's path to God through created reality.

The frankness of John H. McGoey, S.F.M., is startling but long overdue. *The Sins of the Just* (Bruce. $3.75) is addressed to nuns and could very easily surplant the masterful *Nuns in the World* by Cardinal Suenens. A perfect example of Pope John's *aggiornamento* and his willingness to tackle problems in a head-on fashion, the author "pulls no punches" in pointing out for the first time in print the many serious dangers and roadblocks to perfection in the religious life.

Though I mentioned *The Psychology of Loving* by Ignace Lepp (Helicon. $4.95) in my Christmas list, this book is still a must for all adults, parents, priests and religious who find the role of love a puzzle in their lives. Though it does not—and no analysis ever will—solve the problem of love, Lepp has presented a balanced, sensible and intelligent portrayal of the many facets of human love, exposing its psychological roots, its conditioning factors and its difficulties.

JEAN HOLZHAUER

Teacher. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. (Simon and Schuster. $5) A proposal for teaching pupils to read and, more importantly, to want to learn, based on the author's quarter-century of experience in the integrated "infant rooms" of New Zealand schools. It has special relevance for educators faced with adjusting U.S. Negroes to a school world designed by, and primarily for, a white middle class.

Before the Mayflower. By Lerone Bennett. (Johnson. $6.95) Mr. Bennett deals dispassionately with the facts of Negro history and contributions to American culture, nearly all of which are omitted from school texts. For most adults, sadly, the book constitutes required remedial reading.

The Feminine Mystique. By Betty Friedan. (Norton. $5.95) The evidence collected by Mrs. Friedan for her courageous and controversial book indicates that an exclusively domestic adult life is insufficient for many women in today's society. Together with President Kennedy's Commission Report on the Status of Women, this book invites serious reconsideration of one of our fondest assumptions.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) One of the most thoughful evaluations of the national Catholic scene, with a mature and sympathetic consideration of the schizophrenia induced by disciplinary differences between clergy and laity.

Loaves and Fishes. By Dorothy Day. (Harper and Row. $4.95) The story of *The Catholic Worker*—newspapers, hospice and ideal—by the remarkable woman whose personality and faith have added a much-needed dimension to religion in America.

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

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The Last Alternatives: A Study of the Works of Allen Tate. By R. K. Meiners. (Alan Swallow. $4.50) Something goes curiously wrong, now and then, with our critical attitudes in this country. For in an age so thoroughly given to the probe and posture of literary analysis, how can we account for the fact that a lifetime of integrity—in Allen Tate—has had to wait until the publication of this book for the first full attempt to encounter the body of his work. Is there still any question that *The Fathers* is one of our great novels, or that Tate's criticism is sane, humanist, and perceptive in the authentic tradition of English letters? In any case, R. K. Meiners brings to Allen Tate, especially in his reading of "Seasons of the Soul," the precise reflective faculties which have probably kept the jargon-slingers from getting too close to Tate's particular world.

Literature and Science. By Aldous Huxley. (Harper & Row. $3.50) It was probably inevitable, in the best sense, that sense at all would be made of the Leavis/Snow controversy by a man who knew something more than the exclusive views claimed by both sides of the argument. Until this appearance of one of Huxley's last books, Lionel Trilling's *Commentary* essay brought about as much mitigating balance to the riotously tipped scales of argument as we might have wished for—but now Aldous Huxley's lucid study brings everyone back into class for what may well be final instructions. A highly significant book.

Emblems of a Season of Fury. By Thomas Merton. (New Directions. $1.65) While most "in" poets of our time are either talking to one another or to the "in" critics—a relationship which itself resembles nothing so much as the sending of unpostmarked petitions to non-existent lands—a Cistercian monk is speaking to the world in no uncertain tones and terms. For as the poet himself says in "A Messenger From the Horizon," "When a message has no clothes on/How can it be spoken?" Besides the poems as poems, there is poetry of a unique spiritual order. *Emblems of a Season of Fury* is a paperback original and adds another important dimension to the poetry of Thomas Merton.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) This must be an even better book on the life of the American layman in the Church than anyone at first suspected, since both public and private clerical "reviewers" of it have shown visible signs of the fidgets. One of the more absurd claims is that Callahan is involved in the establishment, so to speak, of a lay-elite which does not in fact represent the laity as a whole in the U. S. Nonsense, as we all know. But hold on to this book, and the forthcoming one by Michael Novak, for they are no less than the early documents of an historical encounter within the Church that no one can turn back now—or should want to, as far as that goes.

BERNARD MURCHLAND

The Wapshot Scandal. By John Cheever. (Harper and Row. $4.95) John Cheever has been described as a minor talent. If that is true, few minor talents reach for majority status with such impressive credentials. In this continuation of his earlier success, Cheever displays a fine ability to spot the grubby underside of conventional life in America and exercises control and tenderness as he proceeds to gather together the fragments of unfulfillment into artistic focus.

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Anti-Intellectualism in American Life. By Richard Hofstadter. (Knopf. $6.95) Professor Hofstadter grants that it is a delusion to think "that the complexities of American history can be satisfactorily reduced to a running battle between the eggheads and the fatheads." But that such a battle forms a large dimension of American history is indubitable. Hofstadter traces anti-intellectualism from the religious revivalists of Colonial times, through political forms that exhibit a contempt for intellect and the American penchant for practicality (particularly in businessmen); finally, he itemizes some effects of anti-intellectualism upon the education system. The tone is calm, skeptical and witty.

The Christian Commitment. By Karl Rahner. (Sheed and Ward. $4.50) This book is a good example of how a theologian can illuminate the practical problems confronting any Christian living in the world. No smug rationalizations here; but rather an uneasy image of "the Church of the diaspora"; no unholy despair either, but the confidence that the deeper virtues of faith and humility, shorn of all fatuity, can generate. Father Rahner knows what kind of world we live in and what the Christian, particularly the layman, can do to change it.

Problematic Rebel: an Image of Modern Man. By Maurice Friedman. (Random House. $7.95) That modern man has been having trouble with his image has long been known. Friedman attempts to create a "depth image" of modern man by organizing the evidence of such novelists of ideas as Melville, Dostoyevsky, Kafka and Camus. His justification for this approach stems from his conception of what literature is. "Next to the lives of actual men," he writes, "literature comes closest to retaining the concreteness of individual men while at the same time enabling us to enter into a sufficiently close relationship with these men that they can speak to us as bearers of the human—as exemplification of what it does and can mean to be a man." Whether or not one agrees with this assessment of literature it can hardly be denied that Friedman documents it energetically and copiously; and while his work suffers from a lack of discipline it abounds in valuable insights. The image of man he presents is not a happy one; but it is a clear one.

JOHN P. SISK

Maria Cross. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. (Academy Guild Press. $2.75) Why it was necessary or desirable for Mr. O'Brien to be Donat C'Donnell when this study of a group of modern Catholic writers originally appeared I do not know. Did the pseudonym have anything to do with the fact that a critical intelligence as acute and scrupulous as Mr. O'Brien's was bound to be offensive to many Catholic readers, who, having little enough to cheer about, did not care to have the likes of Waugh, Green, Mauriac and Claudel looked at too closely? At any rate, *Maria Cross* remains one of the most distinguished contributions to Catholic criticism in our time. Catholic imaginative writing suffers, especially in America, from the lack of a body of criticism that measures up to the standards Mr. O'Brien has set.

Letters from Vatican City. By Xavier Rynne. (Farrar, Straus. $3.95) It took twelve years for Donat O'Donnell to turn into Conor Cruise O'Brien, but already Robert McAfee Brown has turned Xavier Rynne into Phyllis McGinley. Those who will not accept Mr. Brown's discovery are left with one of the most tantalizing mysteries since the pseudo-Dionysius. They are also left with some excellent writing, a fact that seems to me

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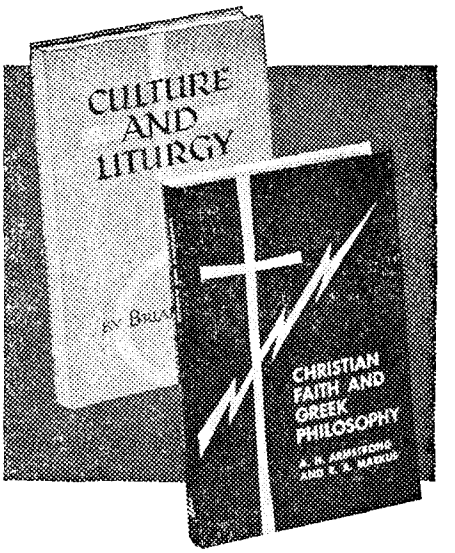

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. . . for Catholic Press Month

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS IN AMERICA by Martin E. Marty, John G. Deedy, Jr., David W. Silverman, and Robert Lekachman. "This important new book will very likely take its place as a classic in this field, and deserves to be read carefully by everyone concerned or interested in any way with the religious press." —JAMES A. DOYLE, Exec. Secy., Catholic Press Assn. "A thoughtful, an important, and a much-needed book."—DAN HERR. $4.00

. . . for the dialogue

THE HISTORICAL ROAD OF EASTERN ORTHODOXY by Alexander Schmemann. "A noted Roman Catholic ecumenicist recently said that Father Schmemann is the greatest living Orthodox theologian. In this book, however, he is more than a scholar. . . . Its whole mood and spirit can be summed up in the sentiments of Pope John: 'We do not want to prove who was right and who was wrong. All we want to say is: Let us come together.' "—JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P. $6.50

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as important as Rynne's point of view. Catholics have been too prone to settle for an acceptable point of view in their journalism—forgetting that without style acceptable points of view rapidly become less acceptable.

The Girls of Slender Means. By Muriel Spark. (Knopf. $3.95) In the conclusion to the first *Maria Cross* Mr. O'Brien speaks of the Catholic language as being "the *lingua franca* of suffering." This is the language one hears in Miss Spark's superbly titled novel, though one must listen closely to hear it beneath the deceptively comic surface. Her hero, Nicolas Farrington, notes that "a vision of evil may be as effective to conversion as a vision of good." Miss Spark provides him and us with a vision of evil that is no less frightening because it has wit and style.

Cure of Mind and Cure of Soul. By Joseph Goldbrunner. Translated by Stanley Goldman. (University of Notre Dame Press. $.95) In this splendid little book, Jungean in its orientation, Father Goldbrunner proposes to incorporate depth-psychology, freed "from its one-sided emphasis on the diseased soul," in the Chistian conception of man. He hopes to reach those whose concern is pastoral care and who wish to inform religious education with a new vision of the personal life. I suspect his book will be especially appreciated by those who also admire Martin Buber.

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. (Scribner's. $10) These six hundred pages of letters may not make necessary any major revisions in the estimate of Fitzgerald but they are absorbing reading, especially if read in connection with William Goldhurst's recently published *F. Scott Fitzgerald and his Contemporaries.* Ten letters written to Shane Leslie between 1917 and 1920 are included. Among them appear the moving references to Monsignor Sigourney Fay, whose death made Fitzgerald "nearly sure that I will become a priest." In this section too, as well as elsewhere in the volume, appears the evidence that even if Fitzgerald had had it in him to be a Catholic writer in the strictest sense of the term the time and place were against him. He badly needed (as what Catholic writer does not?) a live Monsignor Fay.

LEO R. WARD

The Unity of Christians. By Augustin Cardinal Bea. (Herder & Herder. $4.95) This book, made up of talks given on various occasions on Christian unity, is useful and enlightening to Christian clergymen of all faiths, and for my money is the best of all books yet to appear on unity. The talks overlap at some points, but a talk such as that on "The Priest: Minister of Unity" is worth the price of the book.

God on the Secular Campus. By Richard Butler, O.P. (Doubleday. $3.95) Among the merits of Father Butler's book is that it raises problems beyond itself and beyond the campus, among them these two: What are we to make of God and man's knowledge of God? The multiple reply is: God is an object of feelings and faith and not of knowledge; there is no scientific knowledge of God; God and education are separable; God is adjacent to university life but not part of it. The other issue is whether a man living and suffering students' anxieties for ten years does not better know them than can the readers of any statistical report.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) To express the actual place of the layman in the Church in America, one has to write the history and present status of the Church in America, and one may say that is what the author has done and done well. Though it is sometimes hard to carry along all the threads of the story, this book is likely to be discussed and debated for a decade or more.

The Other America. By Michael Harrington. (Macmillan. $4) This 1963 book was like an elaborate and argued preview of President Johnson's program to fight poverty. Putting the number of those living in poverty at forty to fifty million—notably higher than President Kennedy's figure in his State of the Union speech last year, and notably lower than the figure given by the Conference on Economic Progress—Harrington's work has received at-

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tention in high places, and one hopes it will receive attention from social scientists.

The Wall between Church and State. Edited by D. H. Oaks (University of Chicago Press. $1.95 [paper]) This book is really on Church, State and school, and for two reasons is one of the best books yet on the subject. One reason is that Robert Hutchins, one of the speakers at the reported symposium on the subject, spoke on "The Future of the Wall," and his usual direct common sense must command attention. The other reason is that several legal experts spoke on the subject, among them Paul G. Kauper of Michigan University, Monrad Paulsen of Columbia, and Philip Kurland of Chicago.

Rational Man. By Henry B. Veatch. (Indiana University Press. $5) Henry Veatch has done probably the best work of the year in philosophy by an American in his "modern interpretation" of Aristotle's ethics. Beginning with Kierkegaard's notion of man as infinitely interested in existing, and intent on carrying through Aristotle's notion of our proper life as the practical life of man possessing reason, the work represents some years of study, meditation and consultation, and is wonderfully mature and humane.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS

The Church: Readings in Theology. Compiled at the Canisianum, Innsbruck. Foreword by Gustave Weigel. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $4.95) Shortly before his untimely death, Father Gustave Weigel observed in a roundup article on the second session of Vatican Council II, that the conciliar decree on the Church was "the heart and soul of the Council." About the same time, Bishop Young of Australia observed, in another resumé of the second session, that the Liturgical Decree adopted, with only four dissenting votes, at the end of the second session, "has reshaped the Church's whole definition of herself." *The Church,* a series of essays by the two Rahners, Guardini, Küng, Jungmann, Lyonnet, Fransen, Ratzinger and other "stars in the theological sky," is the perfect book for those

Nietzsche, Marx, Camus, Malraux and Sartre as atheists, and the many forms today's atheism takes —neurotic, rationalist, existentialist —are examined in depth by a former atheist who is now a priest and a psychotherapist.

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who, having sated their legitimate curiosity about the personalities and the politics of Vatican II by reading Rynne, Kaiser, et al. would now like to plumb the depths of the Council and, more specifically, would like to try to find out for themselves what Father Weigel and Bishop Young were getting at in the above quotations or why, in other words, they attached so much importance to the Council's as yet uncompleted re-examination of the nature of the Church.

The Christian Commitment. Karl Rahner, S.J. (Sheed and Ward. New York. $4.50) Karl Rahner, one of the most profound and prolific of contemporary theologians, discusses some of the pastoral corollaries of this newly rediscovered theology of the Church. His thesis is that "insofar as our outlook is really based on today and looking towards tomorrow, the present situation of Christians can be characterized as that of a diaspora; and this signifies, in terms of the history of salvation, a "must," from which we may and must draw conclusions about our behavior as Christians." American laymen who have, understandably, been complaining about the dearth of solid reading in the field of lay spirituality, have reason to rejoice that Rahner's books are now being brought out in English at such a merry clip. Ditto for American priests who, if the truth were known, are every bit as hungry as the laity for Rahner's brand of Christian existentialism.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. Daniel Callahan. (Scribner's. $3.95) Mr. Callahan, presupposing a knowledge on the part of a growing number of laymen of the kind of theology and spirituality presented in the two books listed above, discusses the past, present and future role of the laity in the life of the Church in the United States. He argues convincingly that this problem "occupies the very center of the stage, raising in a direct way all of the most pressing issues of contemporary Catholicism" and that "in the end, the way the Church solves the problem of the laity will be an index of the way it has chosen to work out many of its other broad problems."

So true is this, in my judgment, that if I were Santa Claus, I would present a complimentary copy of Mr. Callahan's book to every seminarian and priest in the United States and would make my gift retroactive to Christmas, 1963. Under this arrangement there would be no need to circulate free copies of the book to the American laity, for the priests of today and tomorrow would, hopefully, see to it that the book was brought to their attention without a moment's delay. In any event, the book is required reading for the clergy and laity alike. For the good of the Church in the United States, neither group can afford to miss it.

University Sermons of Ronald A. Knox. Edited, with an Introduction, by Philip Caraman, S.J. (Sheed and Ward. $9.50) This is the third and last volume of Monsignor Knox's sermons. Unlike the usual run of sermons—even those of some of the greatest pulpit orators—Knox's read as well as they must have sounded to his fortunate listeners. If you are looking for a book to read during Lent which, at one and the same time, will delight your literary sense and nourish your soul as well (a perfectly legitimate, but very infrequent combination), you need look no further. (Memo to Sheed and Ward: Isn't $9.50 a little steep for the collected sermons of a great priest who never had much use for money during his lifetime and certainly has no use for it at all at this stage of his spiritual Odyssey?)

The American Irish. William V. Shannon. (Macmillan. $7.95) Mr. Shannon, Washington reporter for the New York *Post* and Washington columnist for The Commonweal, quotes Samuel Johnson as having said to Boswell that "the Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another" and then, as an Irish-American, sets out to prove that Johnson, the blackguard, was exaggerating by at least fifty per cent. By rough count, Shannon speaks very well indeed of half or more than half of the colorful personalities who go to make up his composite "political and social portrait" of the American Irish. To be more specific, he speaks as well about the following Irish Americans, among others, as any Englishman has ever spoken of his

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kinsmen: Cardinal Gibbons, Finley Peter Dunne, John L. Sullivan, Archbishop Ireland, Monsignor John A. Ryan, Al Smith and, needless to add, John F. Kennedy, who, in his person as well as in his Administration, "bodied forth in full and accurate form," says Shannon, "the three main themes of the history of the Irish in this country: the poetry, the power, and the liberalism."

Samuel Johnson would have been happier about Shannon's treatment of some of the other personalities in his fabulous gallery of Irish American portraits: Father Coughlin, James Michael Curley, an assortment of Tammany pols, and the late Senator McCarthy. Shannon's parade of influential Irish-Americans includes, in addition to politicians, bishops, priests, policemen, and pugilists, a number of novelists and playwrights: F. Scott Fitzgerald, James T. Farrell, Eugene O'Neill, Philip Barry, and John O'Hara. This is a magnificent book in every respect—the perfect St. Patrick's day gift at least for those Irish-Americans who still have enough sense of humor to disagree agreeably with another Irish-American even when he is going after one of their heroes, living or dead.

CRITICS

Walter Arnold, a graduate of the Harvard philosophy department, teaches in the philosophy department at Hunter College.

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Thomas P. McDonnell is a member of the staff of the Boston *Pilot* and the editor of *A Thomas Merton Reader* (Harcourt, Brace).

John P. Sisk, a regular contributor, is on the faculty of Gonzaga University in Spokane.

Father Bernard G. Murchland, C.S.C. is now doing research at the University of Buffalo.

Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. is the author of the soon-to-be-published *All Over God's Irish Heaven* (Regnery).

Msgr. George G. Higgins is the Director of the Social Action Department at the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D.C.

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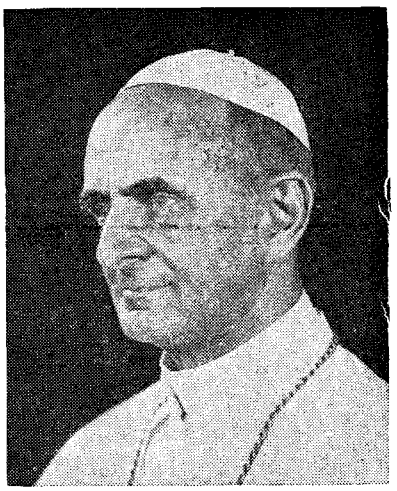

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